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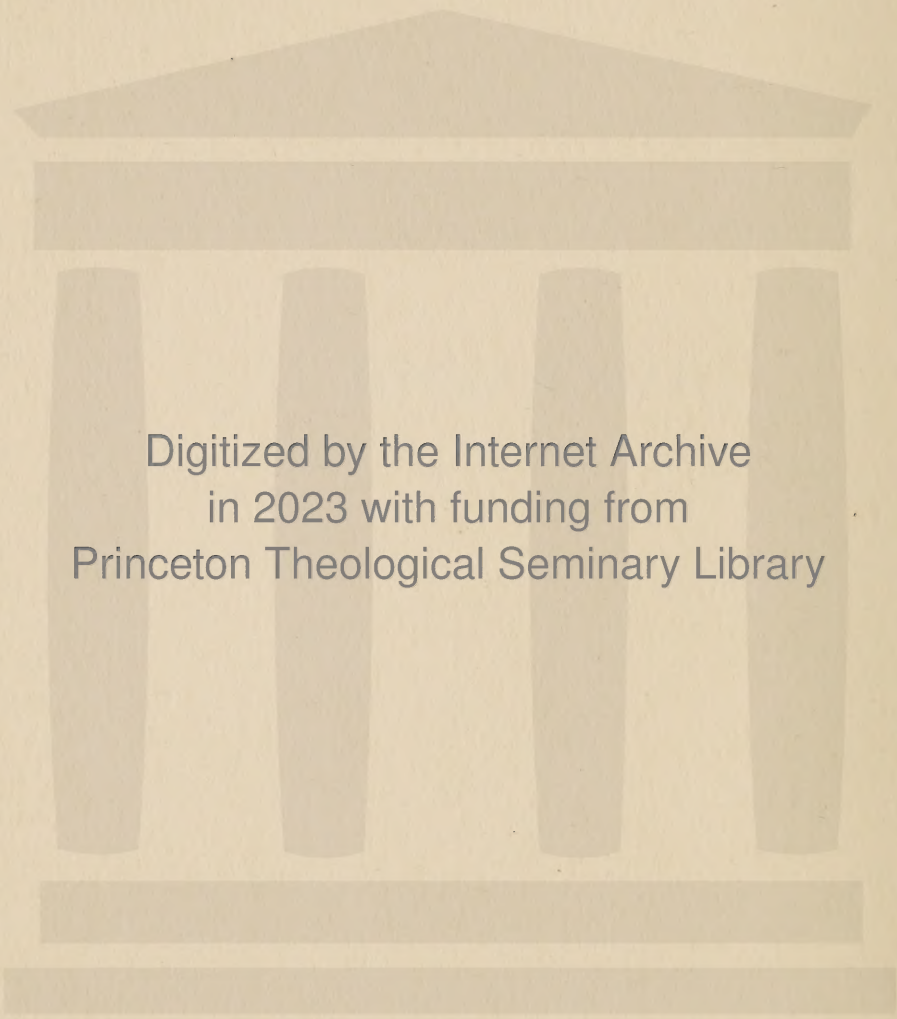
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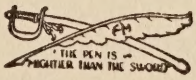
NANCY LLOYD

THE JOURNAL OF A QUAKER PIONEER

By

ANNA LLOYD BRAITHWAITE THOMAS

Author of "The Quaker Seekers of Wales"



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PREFACE

My first story, "The Quaker Seekers of Wales," told how two brothers, Charles and Thomas Lloyd, members of an ancient Welsh family, joined the despised sect of the Quakers. This was in 1662–4, soon after the Restoration of the Stuart dynasty in England. Religious factions ran high but all were agreed in counting Quakers as heretics. The Lloyd brothers suffered severe persecutions and eventually the younger of the two was persuaded by his friend William Penn to emigrate to America to help him in the government of his new province of Pennsylvania. As I am myself descended from the elder of the two Lloyd brothers and had access to some old family letters, I was able with the help of details furnished by contemporary writers to compile the story of "The Quaker Seekers of Wales," which in its most important facts is historical.

The kind reception accorded to this "Story of the Lloyds of Dolobran" has encouraged me to follow it up by the present Journal of Governor Lloyd's daughter Hannah.

Hannah Lloyd, or Nancy as I have called her (Nancy being the common pet name for Hannah at that time), was a girl of seventeen in 1683 and on her mother's death she was left as the oldest of Governor Lloyd's ten children. I have cited the authorities for her love story and for most of the personal details of the Journal in the Appendix, and

thus the reader will see that as in the case of "Quaker Seekers" my task has been simply to make the best compilation I could of the historical facts.

William Penn himself and Thomas Lloyd, his Quaker Deputy Governor, were the only Quakers who actually ruled Pennsylvania and, although much has been written regarding the so-called "Holy Experiment," it seems to me that justice has scarcely been done to the difficulties that surrounded the Quakers in the early days.

From 1688 and onward, England was at war with France and the oversea colonies were expected to take their share in protecting the interests of their motherland. The Quakers believed that justice and goodwill were a surer protection than armed force, but they stood alone in their faith, and the story of the fight they put up in defence of it has never been fully told.

Nancy Lloyd's "Journal" covers the first twenty years of the history of Pennsylvania, whose story has never before, I believe, appeared in fiction. Hence it makes a wider appeal than the mere story of a young girl, however gifted, could do.

The beautiful characters of Thomas Lloyd and his daughter are abundantly borne witness to by contemporary writers.

In explanation of the double dates used I may say that the "Old Style" or Gregorian Calendar was still in use in England so the dates were all more than two months behind time. Also the "Friends" would not use the heathen names of the months—January, February, etc.—but called the months by numbers, as, First Month; Second Month, etc. I have used the Quaker, Old Style nomenclature, and have put the New Style reckoning in

brackets below: for instance, 6th of 8th month would actually be the 6th of October.

ANNA Ll. B. THOMAS.

Baltimore, March 10, 1927.

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NANCY LLOYD

CHAPTER I

MAES-MAWR

The 21st day of the 7th mo. (September) 1681.

TODAY is my fifteenth birthday, and dear mother hath given me this book for a diurnal. She saith I shall enter in it the things that happen in our home and what I myself see and know; so today I will begin by telling of the house where we live and of the people in it.

The house is called Maes-Mawr, from the "Great Field or Meadow in which it stands." It is indeed a great house, and we have great contentment in it, for we be many children, besides father and mother and the serving men and maidens. For eight years father and mother, with uncle and aunt Lloyd and their children, lived all together in a little house in Poole. Father and uncle Lloyd were prisoners then and might not go abroad save with a permit from the jailer. I can remember somewhat of those days, for I was six years old when the King's pardon came that released them, and Rachel and Mordecai and little Jack were there too, and our cousins Charles and Sampson and Elizabeth; and that house was indeed small and ill convenient.

Maes-Mawr lieth about midway betwixt Poole and our uncle Lloyd's house of Dolobran, and standeth near a beauteous wood where we children love to play, and which

in springtime is full of primroses and blue-bells. Wild roses grow there in summer, and in autumn great abundance of nuts and blackberries.

The wood is a brave place for children, and I, as the eldest, do often thank God for it; for there be now eight of us, and we six elder ones have license to play there when lessons are ended. We have a little streamlet, too, that singeth merrily as it leaps from stone to stone.

Of the children, there is Rachel, who is fourteen, and who shareth all my lessons and work. Dear mother often calls us her twins, for though there is more than a year between us, yet in sooth we do resemble each other, for we both have the same brown curly hair and dark eyes;—"Just like your mother," father is wont to say.

Mordecai is a boy of twelve, and but for the wood and the stream I scarce know how we should keep him and Jackie, who is ten, out of mischief. Mary is seven, and little Tom is not yet quite six; Bess is four, and Baby Margaret is but a year old.

Dear father is a doctor, and he hath a great practice and must be ever riding through the country to visit the sick. He hath many poor among his patients, and mother will be still baking and stewing for them, for oftentimes he saith it is food they need more than physic. Rachel and I have learned to make all such savory dishes and possets, so that we can do it almost as well as mother, only father says the sick folk have more joy of the food when he can say that mother made it, for they do all love her dearly.

Our father is a chirurgeon, but he is a minister also, and one of the people that in derision are called Quakers. It is hard to be a Quaker in Montgomeryshire for there be many laws that do press heavily upon us: notably the

Conventicle Act, which forbids the gathering together of more than five persons, save in the Established Church. But there was one, an old statute that was made in Queen Mary's days, that had never been enforced on us. It was called "De Haeretico Comburendo" (For the Burning of Heretics), and five years agone it was still on the statute books. There was a certain Counsellor Walcott who had been much against George Fox when he was a prisoner at Worcester, and five years agone this same Counsellor Walcott was made Judge of the Welsh Circuit, and straightway he began to persecute the Friends in those parts. He caused several to be brought before him, and did tender to them the Oath of Supremacy, knowing well that as Friends they would not swear. He told them that he would not proceed against them by Praemunire, but said that the refusal of those oaths was high treason, "and," saith he, "I shall proceed against you upon that statute, and the men shall be hanged, and the women burned." The Friends throughout Wales were much troubled thereat, for he was a wicked, hard-hearted man, and did intend much mischief against Friends. Then, as Parliament was sitting, they asked dear father to go to London to advise with Counsellor Corbet, who was well skilled in the law and hath long been kindly disposed to Friends.

When Counsellor Corbet heard of the business, he was much concerned, for he was very well acquainted with this Walcott, and he said, "By that way they might try us all, if Popery came up again, for they have," said he, "the writ *De Haeretico Comburendo* in force, which was not repealed to this day." So Counsellor Corbet and father went to the Parliament House, and acquainted several

parliament men of it, and so wrought with them that it was repealed that same session, and Judge Walcott was spoken to in London, and our Friends were no further persecuted, but had their liberty; and a few weeks agone cometh news that Judge Walcott is dead, so there is an end of that persecutor.

The 4th day of 8th mo. (October) 1681.

I writ thus far on my birthday, and now is there more news to write concerning dear father. Mother saith we should give God thanks for such a father, and truly he is a wonder, so gentle and loving with all men, and withal so wise and learned also. He understandeth five languages: English and Welsh, Latin and Greek and Hebrew; but that is not what I started to write, only when I do begin to think of father there is so much to say, I cannot stop.

Now is there come a new bishop to St. Asaph, one Dr. William Lloyd, who saith he will try a new way with the Quakers, for they have been very sharp and severe with them of late, in divers places, with their excommunications, and their fines of £20 a month. But this new Bishop thinks to take a more mild way to work, by summoning all sorts of dissenters to discourse with him, and seeking to persuade them to turn to the Church of England.

Among the rest, when he came to Welshpool in his visitation, he sent for Friends. So uncle Lloyd, and father, and Richard Davies went to him, and that day they discoursed with him, his chaplains and other clergy, so called, from about two in the afternoon, till two in the morning. Afterwards they discoursed with him two whole days at Llanvilling, publicly in the town hall. The town hall was

crowded with people, but in none of the three days would the Bishop and his clergy defend their own principles, or refute ours; but only held the three days on the general principles of Christendom, and the Apostles' examples of water baptism, and once a small touch at the bread and wine: and dear father held the last day upon our reasons why we separated from the Church of England.

But we must submit to be at a disadvantage, for father and uncle Lloyd had no notice beforehand of what matters they should argue, till they came to the place of dispute, and the last day they forced father to argue about twenty-eight syllogisms, all written down as they disputed, to be answered *extempore;* and the Bishop said, he did not expect so much could be said by any on that subject, on so little warning. And he said that he expected not to find so much civility from the Quakers. The Dean of Bangor and other very learned men were present, with many of the clergy and justices of the peace, deputy lieutenants of the county, and other great ones; but some of them were not well satisfied with that dispute, for they thought the validity of water baptism was much weakened thereby.

I have writ all this to try myself how much I can remember, and dear mother hath read it and saith that I have remembered it well.

The 20th day of 8th mo. (October) 1681.

William Penn hath been here in his journey through the West country and hath discoursed much concerning his new province overseas,—to be called, he saith, Pennsylvania; though he would fain have called it "New Wales," being it is, as this, a pretty hilly country; and he hopeth, too, that very many of our

persecuted Welsh Friends will find a quiet retreat there.

William Penn is four years younger than dear father, and hath a more youthful look; but then father is already forty-one, and grey hairs do begin to show among the brown ones. William Penn is as tall as father, and is a very personable man, but to me the most weighty thing in him is the sense of honest goodness that goeth ever with him.

He was kind and loving to us all, but especially towards little Thomas, who is the same age, he saith, as his oldest son, Springett Penn.

He had much talk with father and mother, and me-seemeth they both looked grave and troubled after these discourses. Nothing was said to us children, but when I kissed father the night after William Penn departed, he said, "Sleep well, my daughter, thou art young and free from care; but pray, child, pray, that God may give wisdom and guidance to those that must come to a decision."

But all of us young ones were fain to hear all that William Penn had to tell of this strange country of his, and of the red men that do now inhabit it. There be great rivers there, he told us, and mighty forests full of game. The soil is rich and good, and the climate moderate. Many good fruits, as plums and grapes and strawberries, grow wild in the woods, and divers kinds of trees, as black walnut and poplar, with many kinds of oak. For animals, there are deer and wolves, bears and panthers, beavers and great plenty of wild turkeys.

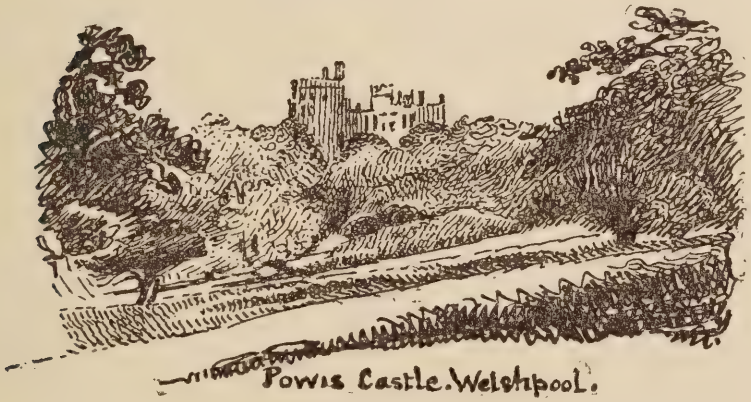
So now must our children make to themselves a new play of "Going to Pennsylvania." Indeed, Mordecai and Jackie were sticking feathers in their hair, and staining

their cheeks with beetroots and saffron, even before William Penn had well departed.

I must of course be the mother, and bundles of clothes and necessities must be packed. 'Tis a good game enough, for there is room in it for all the children, younger and older, aye and for more too, for we must call on Roger and Owen, the plough boys, and Gwendolin the nurse, and Friend Tace Evans, our governess, to play their parts also.

But father, coming home from his rounds today, finds us all in the height of this new play. He smiled upon us with his accustomed kindliness, but when he sees Rachel with one of his beaver hats on, and hears us salute her as William Penn, he begins to enquire more closely, and then his countenance fell, and sighing, he said, "Play on, children, while ye may, yet is it like to prove a serious game for all of us."

The others paid little heed, but I cannot rid myself of his grave looks. What if we all should really go to Pennsylvania?



CHAPTER II

UNCERTAINTY

5th of 2nd mo. (April) 1682.

ANOTHER little sister was born today, so now are we six sisters and three brothers, truly a goodly family. Dear mother hath not been well of late, and tonight, when all was over, and nurse Gwendolin had the new baby quiet in mother's room, and all the little ones were safe in bed, father called me into his study and spake seriously with me anent it.

"I am concerned for thy mother," he told me, "she is not yet six and thirty but she hath a sad tired look that goes to my heart. Mayhap she will be better now, but do thou, dear child, keep all the cares from her that may be. You are all good children; yet 'tis a great family. But," he added, "I must tell thee, daughter, what is now pressing on thy mother; 'tis the doubt whether we should consent to what Friend William Penn hath proposed to us; namely that we should go over to his new Province of Pennsylvania. Thou knowest the persecutions and disabilities that Friends have to suffer in these realms, and there be many, especially in Wales, that do intend for Pennsylvania; but not many, he saith, who will be able to help him in the establishment of that order of government which he desireth to found. He looketh upon this as a Holy Experiment, and saith Christ's way of righteousness and peace hath never yet been tried, and here in this

new province will be great occasion for a righteous government that may be well laid at the first, and he hath greatly urged me to go over and assist him therein."

As he spake, I saw it all in a moment, and could not but commend W. Penn's wisdom in choosing father for this great service, for surely he is well fitted for it.

"But it is hard for thy mother," he went on after a pause. " 'Tis true her parents are dead, but all her friends are here, and her brother hath his home still at Traeth."

"But father," said I, thinking of the little ones, and of the newborn babe, "But father, how could we all cross that great dangerous ocean? Surely Friend William Penn can find some other helper."

"Aye, so I told him," father replied, "and indeed I pray God that he may; but daughter, if the call be from the Lord we must not refuse it. And I know thou wouldst not," he added and kissed me solemnly. "My Nannie will ever be a faithful helper in all best things, I know."

So I no longer wonder that mother has looked worn and anxious of late, and I must strive with all my might to be a comfort to her, and to keep away all little frets and worries.

6th of third mo. (May) 1682.

Our new sister is named Deborah. She is a winsome babe, and dear mother is gaining strength apace, and indeed she saith these quiet times when she is perforce withdrawn from the noise and stir of our home life, and when she and father have more freedom to enjoy each other's society, do come as a wondrous rest and refreshment to her spirit. Two years agone, when little Margaret was born, I was only thirteen, and was myself a child,

needing guidance and care; but this time I do feel myself a woman, and since father spoke to me I have striven more than ever to keep all things sweet and seemly with the others. Friend Tace Evans, our governess, hath charge during lesson hours, and Gwendolin and Bridget have lived long in our family.

There be two principal causes of anxiety, and of them I will write somewhat. The first is brother Mordecai. He is twelve years old and groweth restive with the women. He is not a bad boy, only thoughtless and full of spirits; "Like his uncle Morgan," saith mother fondly; but father shakes his head and looks grave.

The other cause of anxiety is our dear little Margaret. She is two years old, yet she cannot walk, nor doth she even try to creep or stand. Little Margaret is a darling child. Mayhap because she is so helpless we do love her the more; but with her large grey eyes and golden hair she scarce seems like an earthly child, and when she nestles in my arms, and looks up with her confiding smile, I sometimes fear she is not long for earth.

4th of 7th mo. (September) 1682.

Tidings were brought today that William Penn sailed a week agone in the ship "Welcome," Captain Robert Greenaway, for his new province. He hath with him in the ship a hundred Friends, mostly from his own home county of Sussex. They sailed from the port of Deal, and other ships are sailing also, laden with Friends intending for Pennsylvania. The Welsh Friends have petitioned William Penn, by the hand of uncle Lloyd and father, John ap John, Richard Davies, and John Beven, for an allotment of land to be called the "Barony," wherein they may con-

tinue to enjoy their own language and customs, and which shall be to them indeed a "New Wales." I think not that all who have an interest in the new venture shall themselves go thither; indeed I know that uncle Lloyd hath no such intention; but for father and mother I am not so sure. The troubled look is gone from mother's face, but she and father have both a serious steadfast air, and now and then they drop a word which to my ear soundeth like "Farewell." "Farewell, dear home, where we have suffered and rejoiced; beautiful mountains and woods and streams of Wales; the time is near when we must leave you."

5th of 2nd mo. (April) 1683. Today little Deb is one year old. She hath taken a step or two alone, and we have had a family rejoicing. Dear father came in, and when he saw us all gathered in the great hall, and when he had kissed Deb, and praised her new achievement, he said, "Now, children, you remember our Friend William Penn, who told us about his province of Pennsylvania, and about the Red Indians and the beavers and panthers. How would you all like to go thither?"

The boys gave a cry of joy, and the little ones, who only partly understood what it meant, rejoiced also; but Rachel and I looked at mother and knew not what to say.

Father went on to tell us more of the plans. We knew already that the tidings from William Penn and others who went last year are good. They have decided on the site for the new city, and on its name, which is to be Philadelphia,—the city of brotherly love. Three thousand Swedes are already settled in the province, but as a nation they make no claim to possess it. Howbeit they are strong,

sturdy colonists, honest and upright and industrious, and Protestant in religion. They have welcomed the coming of the Friends.

Father saith that the Welsh Tract, or Barony, is to contain 40,000 acres, and to begin opposite Philadelphia, and run west and north along the Skuylkill River. Father hath consented to go, and his purpose is to close up his concerns here within the next two months, and travel up to London so as to take ship from thence sometime in next 4th month (June). Gwendolin and Bridget will go with us and some of the serving men also.

As I write these words I am filled with wonder to think of this great change that is coming into our lives. It comforts me not a little to know that father and mother have sought for best wisdom in this matter. It must be wonderful to know that one is truly guided by God. Mayhap when I am older, I too may hear His voice; but now I do not need it. Where mother and the children go is guidance enough for me. I pray God give me grace to be a helper.

6th of 2nd mo. (April) 1683. A long talk with dear mother anent our journey. The time is short for all that must be done. Tace Evans, our governess, is willing to go. She is the daughter of Friend Edward Evans who died of the distemper in Welshpool gaol twenty years agone. She was but young then, but she hath never forgotten father's goodness to them all. She and Gwennie are a great comfort to mother.

Mother's kinsman, Edward Jones, and other Welshpool Friends are also making ready to depart, so we shall be a goodly company, and uncle Lloyd and aunt Elizabeth, and uncle and aunt Jones at Traeth, will help us in all

arrangements. I doubt not that uncle Lloyd will journey with us to London, for both he and father do often make that journey, and they know all the inns, and are themselves well known along the road.

Dear mother with the five little ones and Gwendolin will travel in our own coach; father and we four older ones with the other women and the serving men must ride. We young ones have our own ponies, and all of us are well accustomed to the saddle, but we must travel by easy stages on account of mother and the babes.

Mother saith that uncle John Lloyd, in London, hath offered to keep one of our boys, either his namesake, Jackie, or little Thomas. Jackie is nearly twelve and a fine grown boy of his age. Uncle John hath a Jackie too, his oldest son. He is two years older than I, and is a student now at Cambridge. But to part with our Jack, or with little Thomas, would be a sore trial, yet may it be better for them to stay in England, and dear mother saith there will be another little one in the autumn. Pray God her precious life may be spared to us all.

10th of the third mo. (May) 1683.

The days fly by and are filled to the brim with all the business that must be transacted. We have no time to grieve, or to brood on the dangers which the future may hold.

Mordecai is happy and useful. Father called him his right-hand man today, and truly this bustle and movement is far more to his liking than our old peaceful days. He is full of devices for conveniency of packing, and skilful with his tools in making cases for the things that must be taken with us. Strange to see how quiet dear mother

hath grown. True someone must abide with little Margaret and Deb, yet is it not like mother to be always the one to stay, but now is she become like the queen bee in the centre of her busy hive of workers. She sitteth there with her peaceful smile whilst we all run hither and thither to do her bidding. Can it be that she is still feeling weak? I must ask Rachel if she hath noted aught.

CHAPTER III

FAREWELL, ENGLAND

15th of the 3rd mo. (May) 1683.

Aunt Margaret Jones hath come from Traeth to stay with us till we go. She is my very special aunt. She is beautiful, with deep blue eyes, and a lovely smile ever brooding in them, as though she had somehow gone beyond earth's troubles. I know that in her youth she suffered much, and lost her father and her only brother in the dreadful plague year. It was then that uncle Morgan met her in London, but they do not talk much of that time. Mother told me of it once, so I know why aunt Margaret has that dear smile. I have shown her my diurnal, and she doth not laugh at it but would fain have me persevere in the writing of it, for she saith that some day it may be of much historical value. That may be so when we reach Pennsylvania; but today the warm clothing for the little ones, and the bedding that must be taken, are of more import than my history of them.

N. B. I have asked aunt Margaret what she thinks of dear mother. She did not say much, but I can see she is anxious. At least the uncertainty about our going is ended, and mayhap the sea air will benefit her.

4th of 4th mo. (June) 1683.

Tonight all is finished and we are ready to depart on the morrow. I am sore weary, but one word I must write, for, today me-

seemeth, my prayer is heard and God hath verily spoken to me. It was in the silence when father had read from the Bible this evening, a voice spake in my heart, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and even forevermore." So clear it was, and so still, I know that it was God; so now I know that I am His and He is mine in truth.

7th of the 4th mo. (June) 1683. Warwick.

Our journey goeth prosperously thus far, and tonight are we midway of it, and here shall we spend Firstday to rest ourselves and our horses. On entering the town this evening we did see the great castle standing fair and strong by its river, with its circling trees. But there be no mountains here such as we have at home. Here are but low grounds and small undulations, yet is the landscape fair and smiling in the midsummer sunshine. The days too are at their longest, so that we have daylight for all our travelling. Twenty-five miles have we ridden each day, and uncle Lloyd saith this is good travelling for the heavy coach, and for Rachel and Johnnie and me. He and father do now and then take up Mary and Tommie for a few miles upon their saddles, which is pleasant change for all, and sometimes when we are ascending a long hill, dear mother leaves the coach to walk awhile with father's arm to help her.

We are so large a company that there is no fear of highwaymen attacking us, and I am glad that this my first, and mayhap my last view of England hath fallen so pleasantly. In the days to come, Rachel and I will ever think of England as we have seen her on this journey; in the early mornings with dewdrops glittering on the way-

side grasses, or when the sun is sinking and the long shadows are creeping across the hillsides. At such times father will be quoting certain passages from John Milton his poem. In the morning it will be:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine."

Or in the evening he will repeat:

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous discant sung;
Silence was pleased: Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

Dear father hath a mind stored with noble and beautiful thoughts, and knoweth well how to beguile the tedium of the journey with them. Methinks I could travel on like this forever, but already is the journey half over, and London lieth ahead with the parting from little Thomas, since

he is the one to be left with Uncle John; and then the ship and the great unknown. But I have my text and I will trust and not be afraid.

16th of 4th mo. (June). At Uncle John's house in Chancellor's Lane. Arrived here safely five days agone. Uncle John and aunt Jane have received us kindly in their great house, but I can see that aunt Jane cannot understand father's reasons for this journey. I did hear her talking with mother anent it. " 'Tis very well," quoth she, "for people of the common sort, and such as have no great stakes at home, to go forth for the betterment of their fortunes, if such may be; but why should you and brother Thomas leave your comfortable home and go forth with all these innocent babes to settle in the wilderness? I cannot understand you Quakers; meseemeth you might have had experience of the ill-conveniency of it when brother Thomas was a prisoner, and you were forced to live in that little crowded house in Welshpool."

Mother answered her in bright cheery tones, "Yea, that little house was indeed too small for our great little families. Glad and thankful were we when the way was made for us to leave it; but thou knowest, sister, we must ever seek to follow the guiding of the Lord. 'Tis a great and holy experiment for freedom of conscience in religion that William Penn seeketh to make in Pennsylvania, and he hath called on Thomas to help him in it."

"Doubtless each must settle his own affairs," then said aunt Jane, "but in truth I do hold that we should make the advancement of our own families our first concern."

Mother sighed but she said no more, for she knows that

aunt Jane looks at things from the world's standpoint; and that being so 'tis truly kind of her to take in our large company and to offer a home to little Thomas.

Thomas being already in his ninth year, father hath arranged that he should be received into the boarding school at Edmonton kept by Friend George Keith. He will come to uncle John's for his holidays, and aunt Jane hath promised to care for his clothing and books.

18th of 4th mo. (June) 1683. At uncle John's house in Chancellor's Lane.

Today father and mother took brother Thomas to his school at Edmonton. We all wept sore at parting, for who knoweth whether we shall ever meet again on earth? Thomas saith, however, that when he is a man he will come over to Philadelphia to see us all. He can already write and spell pretty well, and he promiseth to write to mother at least once a month.

Today have we also seen our ship. She is called the "America" and is of 300 tons burden. The captain is Captain Wasey. She lieth below the Bridge and most of our goods are already on board. Tomorrow we ourselves are to embark, so this is my last entry on English ground.

20th 4th mo. (June) 1683. On board the ship America, in the Thames.

We are now all settled on shipboard, and truly our quarters are very narrow. Here are father and mother with eight of us children; Thomas being left at Edmonton. With us is Tace Evans, our governess, and Gwendolin and Bridget, our women; also Griffith Pugh and Owen Pumphrey, our serving men, —in all fifteen persons.

Besides our company, there are eighty other Friends, amongst them some from Germany, and the ship's crew of thirty-five persons.

Uncle Lloyd, and uncle John, and aunt Jane, did company with us to the ship, with sundry other London Friends, as George Whitehead, Edward Burroughs and others. It was a beautiful evening; indeed, the weather hath been most fine and clear ever since we left Maes-Mawr. Last night the river was shining in the sunset whilst the city stood up dark in the background, with the Tower, and the spires of many churches, showing clear against the rosy sky.

As Rachel and I stood together gazing on this scene, cometh uncle John in his good-natured way and sayeth, "Well, my maidens, how would you like to see the King?" We wondered at him, but he went on to tell us how when the first ship, that went six years agone to New Jersey, was lying at anchor just where we now are, with the Commissioners on board and all in readiness to sail on the morrow, King Charles in his royal barge, who was pleasuring on the river, did cause himself to be rowed alongside, and, with some of his courtiers, came on board the Kent and gave the Quakers his blessing. Uncle John hath ever showed himself loving to us children, and I know he told this tale to pleasure us, but for my part I do not crave the blessing of a king who cannot better protect his loyal subjects from persecution than this one doth.

Then must all our friends part from us; after the Bible had been read and prayer had been offered in the great cabin, they were rowed ashore, and we travellers soon sought our narrow berths for our first night on shipboard.

It was long before we slept, for there be many strange

sounds at sea: the chafing of the cables as the ship swings to the tide, the shrilling of the bo'sun's pipe, and the tramp of the crew when the watch is changed, and the striking of the ship's bell every half hour to tell the time.

With the early dawn, the ship began to move, and Rachel and I slipped out of bed and crept softly on deck; too excited to stay longer below. The ship was dropping down the river with the tide. It was very grey and chilly, but even as we looked, the sun rose, and shone out clear and bright, and methought it was like the unknown future before us. As we go forward it will clear, and God will shine out like the sun in his glory.

CHAPTER IV

AT SEA

21st of 5th mo. (July) 1683.

ONE month today we have been at sea. A good voyage so far, the sailors say; yet is our ship ofttimes sorely tossed by the waves and many of us have been seasick. At first, as we went down the Channel, the coasts of England were ever in sight, and at times we must lie to for want of wind. Thus we had opportunity to see the white cliffs which father saith gave to England the name of Albion, "The White." Farther on was the Isle of Wight with many great war ships of the fleet. Then came beautiful spots where the blue waves broke on little beaches between rocks and wooded hills, and then the rock-bound coast of Cornwall, and last the gleam of light from houses on the Scilly Isles. It was night, and a full moon was shining, when we said our last farewell to England, and were alone on a wide boundless ocean.

"Remember, children," said dear father, "it is not really boundless. We cannot see the shores but they are there, and though we cannot see our Heavenly Father, yet is He surely here, watching over us for good."

The manner of our living on the ship is this: we have two large cabins with berths like shelves along the sides. In the larger one dear mother and Tace Evans, Gwennie and Bridget, Rachel and I, with Mary and the three little

ones, live, and all of us do eat at the long table in the centre. The smaller cabin is for father and the two men, with Mordecai and Jack. Our Friends Thomas Janney and Edward Jones, and others who are of the company, have their families with them, and our boys have plenty of companions and they are well content with this life; and they and the other boys do spend their time with the sailors, so that meseemeth they will soon know how to set the sails, and to furl the same, and to steer, and to take the soundings.

Captain Wasey is a courteous man and well skilled in his business; but besides the perils from storm and tempest, which thus far we have escaped, there be other dangers on the ocean in these days, dangers from the Turks. They do hover around the shores of the Mediterranean, and of England, in their swift vessels, called by them "capers," and woe to the ship that falls a prey to their cruelty. Now scarce had we lost sight of the shores of England e'er we sighted one of these pirates of the sea, and our people were sore afraid. Indeed, we were in a panic fear; yet our good captain, by his skilful management, and God's providence, did bring us safely off.

'Twas in that hour of fear that we children first made acquaintance of one of our shipmates,—a German Friend named Francis Daniel Pastorius, with whom father had already had some converse. He hath a kindly face, and Rachel and Mary and I are much drawn to him, albeit we cannot speak with him, being he hath no English and we no German. Father and he can talk together in Latin, and Rachel and I do understand somewhat of that language. Since hath he often come amongst us, for meseemeth the other German Friends do much resemble most of ours in

that they know not nor care for books and learning. This tall man, with his yellow wavy hair and thoughtful eyes, hath studied many things, and can speak of flowers and trees and animals. He can tell us tales, too, of Germany, and of many strange arts and crafts which are practised there, as wood-carving, and the painting and illuminating of books. We are teaching him English, and he is teaching us German.

Dear mother is surely gaining strength. In fine weather she loves to sit on deck and look out upon the sea, and father will sit close beside her, seeming to forget all else save only her presence.

The 26th of 5th mo. (July) 1683.

Today we had another fright from a French merchantman, at first supposed to be a Turkish "caper." They must indeed be a cruel people to strike such terror to the hearts of Christian men: yet father saith he knoweth a Friend, a sea captain named Thomas Lurting, who was once on a ship that was taken by the Turks. This Thomas Lurting would not fight them as did the others, but, after, he did persuade his captain to let him try without weapons to save the ship: which he presently did, and by his prudence and wisdom he disarmed the Turks, and after carried them back to Barbary, and did even set them on shore near their own homes. So father saith, "Mark my words, children, if we will obey the Lord, He will ever show us a way out, even when there seems no way."

I marvel to think that the Turks would come so far from Europe as we now are, for we have sailed nigh two thousand miles according to Captain Wasey his reckoning.

The 10th of 6th mo. (August) 1683.

Since I last wrote in this book a great storm hath swept over us. 'Twas on the second of this month, a week agone. The wind had been rising since the day before, and the sea with it, and Captain Wasey had told us that we must stay below. This we women and children were very willing to do, but the boys would fain have gone on deck to see the storm. Howbeit dear father spake to them with the strong gravity which he knoweth well how to use in time of need, and told them: "This is no common roughness such as we had last month; this is a storm, and in time of storm must all obey the captain."

Even as he spake, the ship gave a terrible lurch, upon which Mordecai's bold smile faded. He and John were very quiet after that, and kept close to father. Mother was holding father's hand, and he had little Peggy on his other arm, while Deb was pressed close to mother's breast. I took Bess, and the others clustered round us. But oh! the tossing and the straining! What a multitude of huge surges, and, as it were, what mountains of terrible and astonishing waves did continually threaten us! Never for a moment did we pause, but ever climbed the side of a huge surge, hung for a second on the summit, and then dropped with a sickening swoop into what seemed a bottomless abyss, whilst ever the straining of the masts, and the rush of tons of water pouring over the decks, and the cries of the seamen, were in our ears.

But father kept ever his quiet smile, and when there was a lull spake words of comfort: "Dear hearts," he said, "fear not, we are in the way of the Lord's leading. He holdeth the sea in the hollow of His hand, and His will for us is good and acceptable and perfect."

So the night passed, and with the morning the wind grew more moderate. Yet have we been much tossed about all these days, and the sun hath scarcely shone. Our progress hath been very slow, and we have been driven away from our straight course, yet I do note that our captain ever striveth towards the sunset, so that we are nearer to America than a week ago. I trembled much for dear mother, but she hath been kept in great quietness.

The 15th of 6th mo. (August) 1683.

Another storm overtook us on the 12th, and again must we all abide below decks. Again those terrible surges threatened to overwhelm us, and we must marvel that so frail a craft as ours could live amidst such turmoil. To-night hath the wind dropped, and father hath read in the great cabin, to all our company, the words from the Psalms which describe the experience of those that so long ago did go down to the sea in ships, to do business in the great waters. When he came to the words, "Then are they glad because they be quiet, so he bringeth them to their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men," my heart answered, "Amen and Amen!"

25th of the 6th mo. (August) 1683. In sight of land.

Yestermorn we passed between the capes of the Delaware Bay. How beauteous to us, storm-tossed wanderers, do the woods and hills of our new home appear! And so the voyage is over! We are sailing now with a favoring breeze over the quiet waters of the bay, and must prepare to go ashore tomorrow.

Friend Daniel Pastorius seemeth somewhat sad. Stand-

ing on the deck, and looking towards the land, he said to me tonight, "The new city, where is she?" Truly I could see no city, no houses even, on that quiet shore; only fold beyond fold of forest. Now and then appeared a small clearing, with a few brown huts in a circle. "An Indian village," saith father. And yet we are nearing Philadelphia; the shores of the river are become high and precipitous and fringed with lofty pines; and because of this, our captain saith, this place is called, in the Indian tongue, Coaquanock. At the foot of the bank is a gravelly strand, and here be curious openings in the bank; almost they look like the mouths of caves, and from them come forth white men, ay, and women, too, and children;—"Shall we live in a cave, father?" cries out Jackie. "Hurrah!"

We have cast anchor now, and 'tis here that we must go on shore tomorrow.

"Our Ship was covered with huge surges."

CHAPTER V

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

The 28th of 6th mo. (August) 1683.

We were rowed on shore in the ship's boats on the 26th, and landed on the gravelly beach I writ of, which was full of people to welcome our coming, and as we stood together there—father and mother, eight children, and our household—dear mother fell on her knees in the midst, and gave God thanks, and did earnestly pray the blessing of heaven on the future colony. But what went most to my heart was when she prayed that our family might ever be united as a family of love.

I am not easy in my mind about dear mother, though she is stronger than when the voyage began. Meseemeth there is too much of heaven in her face, and sometimes I feel that she is taking leave of us all in her secret heart.

But where, O where is Philadelphia? All that we could see from the landing place were three or four mean cottages, with many caves in the bank; a few streets laid out, and two or three larger houses in the building.

Some of our Friends, who had come hither last year with William Penn, were on the beach to welcome us and to take us through the forest to the house of Nicholas Bom, a Dutch baker, where we shall abide for the present. 'Tis not far from the river, but our quarters there are not much larger than on the ship, and truly the heat is great with the baking, and all things most strange and uncommodi-

ous. Yet 'tis sweet to be on shore once more, and 'tis my business to strive to make things easy for mother and the little ones.

30th of 6th mo. (August) 1683. One of the houses that is in building is ours. 'Tis close to Nicholas Bom's and is planned to be at the corner of two streets. Father had sent over the designs for it before we left England, and as they do work swiftly here,—the building being but of wood,—'twill be ready, they say, for our use e'er many days. 'Tis a fine roomy house, and we have stores of plenishing from Maes-Mawr, and much provision also that remains to us over and above what we did consume on the voyage, so we be well provided against the coming of winter.

Friend Daniel Pastorious hath found shelter in one of the caves in the river bank, and father hath begged of him to give Latin lessons daily to our boys, for, as before said, Mordecai is restive and wayward with our governess, yet is he not of age to cease from study, being but in his fifteenth year. "At his age I was at Shrewsbury, preparing for Oxford," saith father, but there is no Oxford for Mordecai, indeed he loveth not overmuch his book, being in that too like uncle Morgan.

We have seen William Penn but once, for he is much pressed with business anent the dispute with the Lord Baltimore, concerning the boundary of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

8th of 7th mo. (September) 1683. Strange how quickly one grows accustomed to what one must needs put up with. These close quarters and many discomforts of Nicolas Bom's house are

grown quite familiar to us already; yet do we all work hard, from father down to little Mary, if haply we may get the new house into a fitting condition for dear mother e'er she must be brought to bed.

The workmen have well-nigh finished, and, if all be well, we may move in come next week.

15th of 7th mo. (September) 1683. A storm of wind and rain, such as we scarcely know in Wales, must delay our moving into the new house somewhat. There be such a deluge of rain that none can brave it. Griffith Pugh saith the waters in Duck's Creek have risen. Father saith we may be thankful we have a roof over our heads, and do not live in a cave like Friend Pastorious.

21st of 7th mo. (September) 1683. In our own house. Another birthday; I am seventeen today, but I think not that any, even dear mother, will remember it, for we be all in too great a hurry to think of birthdays, —birthdays and such like junketings are far enough away. We be now, since three days, moved into our new house. It is not finished yet but we be far more comfortable already, and no doubt we shall soon come to love it as home. . . .

I had writ thus far when a knock came at the door, and there was dear mother with her eyes full of love, to kiss me for my birthday; and there were the children—Rachel and Mordie, Jack and Mary—who had covered my chair with boughs of spruce, and had woven a wreath of wild flowers to crown me queen of the day. So after all we had a family rejoicing in this strange new home, and

dear father came, and he sat by mother and did hold her hand. And now it is bed-time, and I will but write down mother's parting words as she kissed me good-night,—"God bless my Nannie, and keep her ever through sunshine and shadow. 'Tis good to say, 'I shall not want,' when pastures are green and waters still, but 'tis more, far more, to be able to say, 'I will fear no evil,' when the valley of the shadow is around us."

Now why, Oh why did dear mother say that? She is better now, and she hath gone through this so many times before in safety.

24th of 7th mo. (September) 1683.

'Tis all over now! We have lost our mother! The very night of my birthday cometh nurse Gwendolin to rouse me, and after that all was sore trouble and dismay. She was so weak it scarce seemed that she could live through it, but by next morning, a little boy, a little frail baby, was born, and dearest mother was lying, spent and white, her dear eyes closed, and her ears deaf to earthly voices.

Poor father must do it all, and I know her suffering cut him to the heart, and now he knelt beside her, stroking her hands and pressing passionate kisses on her unconscious brow.

But before she passed from us, she opened her eyes once more and looked upon us and smiled,—a strange quiet smile full of peace. Nurse Gwendolin, who was watching, brought the little babe, so soon to be an orphan, and laid him down beside her. Then she turned her dying eyes on me and faintly whispered, "My Nannie's birthday present." They were her last words.

No, there is no need to write them here; I can never, never forget them. Father and the children, wayward Mordecai and thoughtless Jackie, darling Margaret and this tiny unconscious babe, they are mother's legacy to me, and please God, I will be faithful to them.

26th of 7th mo. (September) 1683.

Mistress Bom, who hath a healthy infant three months old, hath consented to take our little Samuel and nourish him with her own. This is a great solace to us, for 'tis so close at hand that 'tis well-nigh as though he were in our own house.

The funeral is over. All have been most kind. William Penn came at once to speak with father anent it, and told him there was ground already set apart by Friends for burying. It is in the woods, not far away, and he would have us select any part we chose, for as yet there had no Friends been laid there.

So father chose the South West corner, the corner nearest to our new house. The ground is between Mulberry and High Streets (so called) and runneth from Third to Fourth Streets. Our house is at the corner of Fourth and Wynne Streets (High Street is the next street to Wynne), so dearest mother's grave is but a few steps distant.

Then W. Penn made a deed of that whole corner to be for a burying place for father and his heirs forever, and when the funeral was held, and our men, with Friend Thomas Janney, and mother's kinsman, Edward Jones, and Francis Daniel Pastorius, and another German Friend that did come on the ship, Antony Dencken, did

bear the coffin from our house which for so few days had been her home; and father and her poor orphan children did follow weeping; then came Friend William Penn, and preached at the graveside, greatly commending dear mother, and calling on us all to follow her as she followed Christ.

But what availeth all this? What can any say or do to help us in this sore distress? We are motherless, and father hath lost the joy of his life, and worst of all, the thought will come that our journey hither was all a mistake. Surely God could not have been leading us. Father and mother must have been mistaken and my text that I did please myself with, thinking that God gave it me, was a mistake too.

I have no time to weep, nor tears to weep with, for the babes must be tended, and Mordecai and Jack, who were kept within doors till the funeral was over, are fretting and wearying the others. I must go and try to make peace, and I will send the boys with Griffith and Owen to fetch in more wood, for the little ones must be kept warm.

CHAPTER VI

INDIANS

28th of 7th mo. (September) 1683.

But when I did go to the children, Mordecai was not there. The sounds of grief which I had heard came from Mary and Bess, who were both sending forth lamentable cries, whilst Jackie, with a whip in his hand, was standing over them and threatening them with rough words unless they carried out orders fiercely spoken. Rachel had heard the cries and had run to the rescue, and I saw nurse coming, too, from the nursery.

"Don't stop us, sister," pleaded Jack, "I'm not hurting them,—we be but playing Indians."

"What manner of Indians is that," said I, "that calleth for such woe and weeping, and where is Mordecai?"

"Mordecai hath gone to his friends the sailors," said Jack, rather shamefacedly. "Thou mindest, sister, the 'America' is making ready for her homeward voyage."

"And what of the Indians?" I questioned, as I sought to comfort little Bess. The poor child was tied hand and foot to a great chair, and continued to weep deplorably.

"Why they be Indians; Mary and Bess are Indians, and I am the master," saith Jack. "The seamen do say, the red men are but savages, fit for slaves, and if they will not work they must be beaten."

I quickly put an end to that game, and when, an hour later, Mordecai came creeping back, did tell him there

must be no more such plays. Whilst I was talking to him cometh dear father, and sitteth down with a sad tired look on his face.

Hearing our talk, he spake very seriously to the boys, saying: " 'Tis just this common belief that the blacks and the red men are to be used as slaves, and that God hath not the same care over them as over us, that we do labor to defeat. Tell me, son," saith father, "by what right should I come to this land of Pennsylvania and claim it as my own, and use my red brothers as my servants, and seize upon their lands? They, too, worship the Great Spirit, and do feel his movings in their hearts. Indeed, our worthy Proprietor hath purposed to treat with the Indians after a just and righteous fashion. Thou knowest well that he hath already entered into treaty with them for the purchase of their lands, and he purposeth that in all these parts there shall be but one law of justice for white man and Indian alike."

"The seamen do say," quoth Mordecai, "that the natives be liars and thieves. Sundry of our sailors have been in New England, where the English have been settled full fifty years, and there hath already been much bloodshed betwixt them."

"It must not be so in Pennsylvania," saith father solemnly. "Nor do I think that it will," he went on more cheerfully. "They do tell me that the Indians have received our people with much friendliness."

But Mordecai was not convinced. "The sailor men did tell me," said he, "that the Indians be murderous savages, and truly the tales of the war which King Philip, as he doth call himself, hath lately waged against the settlers in New England do fully prove it."

"Nay," said father, "but hear the other side. I did but yesterday receive a letter from my ancient friend, Walter Clark, now Governor of Rhode Island, wherein he writeth of the experiences of our Friends in that province during King Philip's war. And 'twere well," said father, seeing me listening earnestly, " 'twere well, son Mordecai, for thee to make a fair copy of that letter for thy sister Nancy's diurnal. If thou wilt do this faithfully and well, then will I take thee with me tomorrow when I must follow with our Governor, who is to walk the bounds, as they call it, of a new tract which he shall now purchase from the Indians."

Mordecai loveth not to write, but the thought of going with father, and of seeing real Indian chieftains, so wrought with him that he sat down forthwith and for two hours wrote diligently. The letter which he copied is here inserted. 'Tis sure a great testimony to the power of love.

". . . . Thou askest concerning the safety of Friends in these parts; truly it is well with us. There be many Friends in Rhode Island, and the government hath been in our hands these twelve years back. This part of our province is but small compared with those wide territories on the mainland, Providence, Newport, and thereaway; and we be in a manner surrounded by them, so that when the Indian King Philip did raise a formidable conspiracy among the Indian tribes, eight years agone, to exterminate the white settlers by falling upon them, 'everywhere at once,' our peace principles were severely tested.

At that time it was proposed for the several colonies

of New England to unite in military preparations. To this proposal, however, our Rhode Island government could not conscientiously accede, but in dependence on the protecting care of Him who hath the hearts of all men at His disposal, we refrained from engaging in the war. This course involved us in considerable trial, for although our governor, and most of the inhabitants of the island, were disposed for peace, there were many settlers on the 'main' who did not agree thereto. So it behoved the governor to leave the inhabitants of Providence, Newport, etc., to defend themselves as they saw good.

William Coddington, our then governor, did tell them plainly that if they would rely on carnal weapons he could not be answerable for their safety. The settlers that were not Friends were truly outrageous to fight, and were loud in their declamations against our governor for that he refused to give commissions to kill and destroy.

They presently writ home to England, charging our Friends with disloyalty, for that they would not yield any joint assistance against the common enemy, no, not so much as in their own towns, and that they refused to garrison the towns of Providence, and Warwick, which lay much exposed to incursions from the revengeful natives.

The war was fiercely waged by both parties, and fearful cruelties were perpetrated both by whites and Indians, and though in the end the Indians were defeated, it was at a terrible cost. Twelve towns were burnt and sacked; six hundred of the settlers fell in the conflict, and no less than six hundred houses were burned.

Amidst these awful scenes 'tis noteworthy that the habitations of our peace loving settlers on Rhode Island itself remained safe, and not a settler herein received personal injury.

Since the war, the people generally have turned back to the Quakers, and none but Quakers have been elected to the office of governor. I myself have held the office since 1679. The hatred and animosity that remained were fierce, and there were many sufferers; as soldiers that had been wounded in the war, and others. I did order many of these to be brought over from the 'main,' that our Friends might tend them, and we have done all we could to heal the breaches and restore peace both with Indians and white men, and now can we say to His name's praise, we enjoy our meetings peaceably, and the Lord's presence and powerful word of life doth often fill our assemblies."

Now when the letter was copied and father was reading it over, he saith to me: "Yea, 'tis worth fighting for, our principle is of a truth well grounded, and bringeth to happiness and prosperity, and here in this new province shall our worthy Proprietor have good occasion to make trial of it."

As he paused, I ventured to say, "Then dost thou still feel, father, that you were rightly guided in our coming hither?"

Dear father turned quickly to me, and noting, I suppose, that my tears were not far off—for truly the mere putting of that dreadful thought into words went nigh to bring the tears in earnest—he gathered me to his side and kissed me fondly:

"Why, Nancy, little daughter," he said, "would'st thou doubt the Lord?"

"Nay, father," said I, "but there is mother! dearest mother!" Father was weeping, too, and methinketh it did us both good, those moments together. So much of the bitterness of sorrow is in the loneliness, but to know that another careth, that is comfort.

Afterwards dear father spake:—"Daughter," quoth he, "thy mother and I did seriously consider of all these things. We understood that this was no venture to be entered upon lightly. It meaneth the future of our children's lives as well as of our own; we did wait on the Lord and earnestly seek to know His will, and now, child, shall I doubt in the dark what I have seen in the light? Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord and shall we not also receive evil? I do assuredly believe," he went on, "that this holy experiment of Pennsylvania shall be for a beacon light to mankind in future days, and I believe that God hath given me a part therein."

So I saw that father did still hold to his former belief, and as I listened to his quiet voice, methought the darkness fled away, and the light of God shone again in my soul. Praised be His holy name.

3rd of 8th mo. (October) 1683.

Next day, at dawn, did father and Mordecai set forth with William Penn and divers other Friends; and from the Indians, two of their chieftains—Taminen and Metamequin—with many others of their braves and young men. I could see that Mordecai was hugely pleased. At last he was seeing real Indian chiefs. They were grave, noble looking men, worthy to stand beside our Governor,

and he, on this important day, looked noble too—a tall man, in the prime of life, athletic and active, graceful in person and pleasing in manners. He wore the sky-blue sash wherewith he was used to appear on public occasions.

Father had given permission to Tace Evans and Rachel, Johnnie and myself, to company with them as far as the shore where they should take boat to the mouth of the Neshaminy Creek, for it was there that the walk should begin. They were to walk on up the Delaware, for it was stipulated that the purchase should include the land as far back as a man could walk in three days. Father had taken Owen Pumphrey with him to carry good store of bread and cheese with sundry pasties prepared by Bridget.

So they went forth, and we walked home through the forest, where wondrous yellow flowers were blowing, and squirrels were frisking and chattering among the trees. Such bright sunshine and such keen clear air do cheer the heart and make life seem worth living once more.

4th of 8th mo. (October) 1683.

Our travellers returned last night, having been absent three days only, and Mordecai told us how all befell.

He said they walked leisurely after the Indian fashion, sitting down sometimes to smoke their pipes, to eat biscuits and cheese, and drink a bottle of wine.

At the end of a day and a half they arrived at the end of Baker's Creek, where was a spruce tree, and this they made the boundary, as William Penn concluded this would include as much land as he would need at present, and he would leave the rest to be walked when it should be required for settlement. This was but thirty miles, and

they did return by water in the Governor's own barge, and with sundry other of the Indians' boats.

Mordecai saith that at night the Indians did make noble camps. Fires were lighted in a circle and all sat round them together. The Indians had divers kinds of fish from the river, and game, which they are skilled to cook on such fires. Ears of Indian corn, too, they roasted in the ashes, and Mordecai saith 'tis excellent eating. Doubtless they were so hungry from the long walk and the open air that any food tasted good to them. William Penn can show himself mighty pleasant with the natives. He doth not despise them but hath respect to their feeling, and knoweth well how to speak with them.

Indeed he hath a noble worthy character, and I am glad that our Mordecai hath had opportunity to observe it.

I am glad too that he hath had this journey with father, to see somewhat of the country, and the curious sights of the forest. Mordecai doth ever love the open air, and breatheth more freely there than at school or in head work. But one tale he heard which I trust will work both with him and brother John, for in truth they be both too venturesome in regard to this thick forest that doth surround us. The tale was thus: There be two boys of about the age of our Johnnie, called Abe and Joe Chapman. Their father, Friend John Chapman, hath settled himself on land near the Neshaminy Creek, and farthest back of any English inhabitant. So these two boys, going one evening to hunt for their cattle, which had strayed far afield, did lose themselves in the forest and knew not what to do. Then did they come upon an Indian who spake kindly to them and told them the right way, and saith he, "Do not tarry, it grows late and you may be lost again."

So they took his advice, yet was it within night e'er they got back, when lo, there they found the Indian, who, careful lest they should miss the way, had repaired thither in the night to see.

I do think that our boys will have a better opinion of the Indians now, for Mordecai added another story to this same Friend's family, how not long after, the father and mother being gone to yearly meeting at Chester, the Indians did come every day to see that nothing was amiss amongst them.

SUPPOSED WAMPUM BELT OF THE GREAT TREATY.

CHAPTER VII

THE WINTER

28th of 10th mo. (December) 1683.

DEAR father hath been appointed to be Master of the Rolls to the provincial government. William Penn doth purpose to govern through a Council, and father is to be one of the councillors. The constitution of Pennsylvania was drawn up by W. Penn in conference with other wise statesmen, as John Locke, Algernon Sydney, the Lord Hyde and others; yet is it, when completed, much diverse from the constitutions of other American colonies.

I do not purpose to give a full description of it for I am not qualified thereto, and will but say here that it is in general more liberal and democratic than those others; also that it giveth full liberty to all men to worship God each according to his own conscience. W. Penn saith moreover that he is willing that the people should amend, alter, or add to the constitution for the public good, and that he is ready to settle such foundations as may be for their happiness and the good of their posterity.

Father agrees heartily with the provisions of the charter as already laid down, and is ready to aid William Penn to the utmost in putting them into effect.

William Penn hath also at this time the matter of the boundaries much on his mind. He hath already had two conferences anent them with the Lord Baltimore, wherein he did strive to reach a compromise that should be just towards both parties. 'Tis evident that the King's sur-

veyors in making out the patents did greatly mistake, or perchance did merely ignore, the facts, for they did grant the *same* ground to both contesting parties, and not only so, but they had in the meantime turned over to the Duke of York much of the selfsame ground. A strong point in W. Penn's favor is that the Lord Baltimore did never take exception to the Duke of York, who now for many years hath exercised authority over these disputed grounds. 'Tis true there be not many settlers upon them. 'Tis most a waste of forest and mountain, where Indians roam; or of marsh and creek, where the wild heron nests, and the great fishes disport themselves; but now shall all this be changed, for, if possession be confirmed to William Penn, 'tis clearly seen that Friends shall come in apace to settle themselves on these lands.

The Duke of York being long kindly disposed to William Penn, and having already a wide province in undisputed possession, is very ready to yield his claim and to confirm to W. Penn the patent granted by the King's lawyers; but, as before said, the Lord Baltimore refuseth all compromise, and hath departed to England already to be beforehand on the spot when the matter is argued.

Father saith 'tis likely that W. Penn may be obliged himself to return to England next autumn, and they must improve to the utmost his presence here, for truly he is so courteous, and withal so wise and farseeing, that all matters of government do move smoothly when he is there.

20th of 11th mo. (January) 1683–4.

The winter hath set in with great severity. Our first three months in this land were for the most part clear and mild, the air pure and fresh, with brilliant sunshine and

beauteous skies. When frost fell at night the forests blossomed, as it were, with varied tints of crimson and yellow. Instead of the fogs and rains of old England, we rejoiced in a dry clear cold that for those in good health was but bracing and wholesome. For the little ones, indeed, were we forced to provide some warmth of wood fires, but the rest of us cared naught for that, and we said amongst ourselves, if this be winter in Pennsylvania, give us winter continually.

Those who came last year told us of the great cold of the winters here, but we only laughed; yet now these two weeks gone do we begin to experience it.

Heavy snow hath fallen, and, since, a strong wind, fierce and cutting as a knife, hath heaped the snow into drifts in such wise that to go from our house even so far as dear mother's grave hath been impossible.

Mordie and Jack and the serving men have labored hard to make paths for going in places where men must go; our neighbors helping with them they did make a path for the members of the Assembly, who must needs go to Fairman's great house, where abideth W. Penn and where the Assembly meets.

But 'twas not all work, for we children have had good sport with skating and coasting, for now have we a new serving man, a Swede that is familiar with the cold in his own country, and he hath made sleds for us all, and snow-shoes for the boys, and hath shown them the method of using them. Our skating is chiefly on the Dock Creek or pond, at the corner of Fourth and High Streets. 'Tis sure a pretty water in summer, bordered with flowers and abounding in wild ducks and geese that do afford fine sport to those that love it. But now these be all gone in

search of a warmer clime, and the pond is hard froze and excellent for our skating.

Other young men and maidens have come to join our company, for while this cold lasts, do all make holiday. So the Janneys came, and the Joneses, and one Antony Klincken, a German who was with us on the ship, with divers of the Welsh Friends, our acquaintances.

Dear father found us at these sports last night when he came from the Assembly, and he saith to me afterwards: "Daughter Hannah, it is a joy to see you all so merry, yet daughter, I do not need to remind thee that since ye have no mother, I must trust all to thy discretion and prudence. I do think," he added, "that my daughter hath found the source of true wisdom." Then he kissed me fondly.

8th of 1st mo. (March) 1684.

Thus were we brought into a circle of pleasant friends, and though the coasting and the skating were soon over, and all must be working again, yet the friendships have grown apace, for there be meeting days when we do gather, in the new Bank Meeting House, for worship.

'Tis not like the meetings at home, for there had we no meeting house, and they were but small compared with this one. There Friends met at uncle Lloyd's house at Dolobran, and at Richard Davies' at Clodie Cocchian, but here 'tis truly a wonder to note how many do attend the meetings. No private house could contain them, so have Friends hastened the building of a meeting house, well suited to their needs.

When W. Penn first arrived in 8th mo. 1682, he found some Friends already here, and he hath helped them greatly in the settling of their meetings. Last year the

yearly meeting was held at Chester, further down the Delaware, where the first settlements were, and there be many particular meetings settled already, and we have quarterly and monthly meetings also, as in old England. Indeed, 'tis noteworthy that those who have come hitherto, both Friends and others, as Mennonites, French Huguenots, etc., have come first of all to seek liberty and freedom to worship God according to their own conscience; hence their first care was to settle their meetings. In sooth 'tis a great blessing to us all, and that not alone for the spiritual good, for in this wilderness where is all to do, we might well become wholly absorbed in outward things, and hardly find time even for social intercourse. Now, however, we do lay aside our cares, and repair to our meetings, not on Firstdays only, but also on weekdays, and truly the Lord hath blessed us in it, so that we do renew our strength, according to the promise, and do work the better for that refreshment.

Thus in passing to and fro to our meetings we do oft-times meet and mingle with our neighbors and enjoy their company.

'Tis a goodly sight to behold the groups of Friends, young and old, coming down the forest paths, and when spring shall have awakened the earth anew, and the song birds shall return, 'twill be a delightsome business.

I would fain make confession to this faithful book of mine, that of late the Lord hath been very precious to my soul. When I am reading in the Bible, meseemeth the Holy Spirit doth shine on the sacred page, making the words a living message that feeds me as with living bread. The care of the little ones doth no longer weigh heavily on me: Mordecai and Johnnie are grown more diligent and

duteous, and dear father saith to me two days agone, when I kissed him good-night: "Nancy," saith he, "thou art of a surety my greatest comfort, Child, I have no greater joy than to see my children walking in the truth."

WHITE BOY AND INDIAN

CHAPTER VIII

SPRING FEVER

18th of 3rd mo. (May) 1684.

THE spring hath come in earnest, and already the sun grows so hot 'tis scarcely to be borne. The forest is clothed in beauty, and many flowering shrubs, as the dogwood, the Judas tree, and others, strange to our eyes, do blossom forth abundantly. Father hath caused our pasture land and our garden plot to be well fenced in, for the cows will stray away, and 'tis mighty hard to follow them through the forest.

With the springtime meseemeth strange feelings do stir in men's hearts, aye, and in women's too, for today cometh nurse Gwendolin, that hath lived with us these many years and hath nursed us all. I have ever thought her old but mayhap she is not *so* old, for I mind me she hath told us that she was but a young maid when I was born, and how dear mother feared to trust me to her. So now today cometh Gwendolin, weeping and blushing, and sore distraught betwixt her love for the babes, and the commands which it seems her future husband hath laid upon her. She could not make her wishes clear at first, but at last I understood that Rees Griffiths, a Welsh Friend who came with us on the "America," hath sought her in marriage.

"Indeed, dear Hannah," quoth Gwendolin, "I know not how to leave you all, yet is it likely to be my last chance

for a settlement, and Friend Griffiths is a good man and one that I can love. Thy mother would have wished it," she ended, sobbing; and I could say no more. Alas! we must not put our dependence on any earthly support. 'Tis hard to believe that Gwendolin will leave us, and where can we look for one to fill her place?

When I told it to father, he only smiled his slow smile and said, "Yea, daughter, 'twill be ever so; marrying and giving in marriage." And then he told me that this very day hath Owen Pumphrey besought him to permit his marriage with our cook, Bridget. He is fain to agree thereto, for he sayeth, belike 'twill save us from worse, for thus can Bridget stay with us for the present, and "Indeed," saith father, "the marrying craze is on all the settlers, and 'tis even counted a misdoing for man or maid to remain single."

He smiled again, and a dreadful thought shot through my mind; what if father himself should think to marry again?

Dearest mother is scarce eight months dead, and I put the thought away quickly,—indeed I have never seen the smallest token of such a thing, yet with all these children, and now nurse Gwendolin forsaking us thus, a man might well think himself compelled to seek a mother for his babes. Well, at all rates, *I* will not fail him. He shall never say that I did neglect my duties.

10th of 4th mo. (June) 1684.

'Tis mighty easy writing thus when one is not tried, but today (Firstday), as we were walking home from meeting, I did linger a little with one of our Welsh Friends with whom we have had much acquaintance of

late. The air was so soft, and sweet with scents of forest trees, and all around was peaceful. Yet I knew well that many duties awaited me at home, and I was just thinking that it behoved me to hasten, when suddenly, Hugh ap Rice, of whom truly such a thought did never enter my head, did seize my hand, and began in a confused way to tell me of his love. I did give him but a short answer, but so that he might understand it final, for I will not they should think that I am to be lightly won, or that I will be false to dearest mother's trust.

Yet am I strangely flustered and shaken, and thankful that I could snatch these few moments to sit down in quietness and feel after the Lord.

6th of 5th mo. (July) 1684.

We have been sore troubled these five days past with little Samuel his illness. Little Samuel has been weaned from Mistress Bom and brought home to us these two weeks. He is but nine months old, and still but a feeble child, and the cow's milk on which we must now feed him doth not suit him. The exceeding heat doth add to his distress, for the milk will sour spite of all our care.

Father hath called in Dr. Thomas Wynne, who hath been here longer than we have and hath had some experience in other similar cases. The sickness hath been very sore, and I verily thought we must have lost the darling, —he faded like a little flower, and in two days time was lying, as it seemed, at the very point of death. Yet did he know me, for though he can as yet say no words, he did open his eyes and gaze upon me with such a depth of love, and clear light of reason, as was strange to see in one so young. Dear father and Dr. Wynne used all the

remedies that are known; but little *is* known as yet of this kind of sickness, only is it apparent that the great heat is one principal cause, for when a thunder-storm burst upon us, and in a few hours brought refreshing coolness, then did the babe presently revive, and already he seemeth well-nigh recovered.

But for the heat; before this storm, 'twas such as sailors tell of in the Indian seas. All of us were gasping and melting, and certes the clothing we do wear in Wales is not well fitted to the summer heat of our "New Wales." But here are no shops or warehouses where one might purchase such light fabrics as we long for. Poor father, with his long heavy coat and waistcoat was to be pitied, and I could not wonder when I noted that he had laid aside the waistcoat. I did presently hear through Gwendolin, whose new husband is a member of the Assembly, that in their meetings, our lawgivers did throw off both coats and waistcoats, and transact the business of the Province in their shirt sleeves.

Father hath just come in, and saith the Governor will have him go with all speed to New York, to fetch some papers of great import in the boundary dispute. 'Tis hard to lose him just now when little Samuel is but newly recovered from his sickness. Tomorrow must he depart, but he will make all speed, not only for the business, but most for his poor bereaved family.

16th of 5th mo. (July) 1684.

Father hath been gone ten days. We have heard of his arrival in New York, and that he hath found kind entertainment with Friends in that city. W. Penn's business

will detain him yet two or three days, but soon we look for his return; and none too soon will it be, for I am greatly burdened for Mordecai and Jack. There be so many seamen, above all in the summer, when ships are continually arriving. Mordecai and Jack do love to company with these rough men, and to listen to their tales of other lands, and they be ever in hopes that our ship, the "America," will come again with Captain Wasey and others of their old acquaintances.

Our house is but half a mile from the river, and Mordecai and Jack can with ease slip away through the woods in the twilight. Then do they sit with the sailors in those taverns and caves by the water, and I do greatly fear they be tempted to drink more than is fitting, for twice hath it been near midnight e'er they did return.

I do clearly see that I have no power to put restraint on the boys in this, save only by my own striving ever to carry out dear father's wishes, and to do what I know dearest mother would have had me do. Rachel doth ever lovingly second me in this, and we try to have a cheerful home for the boys, but in the warm summer evenings is it hard to look for them to stay within doors. I do long exceedingly to have father back.

20th of 5th mo. (July) 1684.

Dear father is with us again, safe returned from his journey to New York, or as some do call it York. 'Twas formerly called by the Dutch, New Amsterdam; but now is it become a province of the King's brother, James, Duke of York, and called in his honor, York or New York.

Father saith that some Friends were settled on Long Island even before it came into the hands of the English,

and there were convincements also amongst the Dutch in the town of New York itself, so that they do now hold a half year's meeting for those parts. These Friends did offer father good entertainment, and rejoiced at his coming amongst them. The town hath been settled now nigh upon sixty years, and hath many fair houses and shops with merchandise of all sorts, and father hath brought home some pieces of calimanco, and thin tafetas stuffs, so that we may be eased of our too heavy garments e'er long.

He is satisfied that little Samuel hath thriven well in his absence, and doth commend our tending of him, but when I told him of Mordecai and the sailors, his face grew very grave, and he saith, "That will not do, we must take order quickly to put an end to that."

Whereupon he did propose to Mordecai that he be bound apprentice to Thomas Janney, who hath lately taken up a farm farther up the Delaware, near the falls, and doth intend to run a flour mill there. Mordecai to learn that business, and to promise that he will well and faithfully serve his master, and dutifully obey his commands. Mordecai doth not greatly relish this plan, but father said: "Dear Son, this year past hath been of but little service to thee, and we must waste no more precious time. Youth is for learning. Thy youth is passing and will not return. I would have thee now strive to redeem the lost days."

So Mordecai is bound apprentice for five years to Friend Thomas Janney, and hath gone away with him; and Jackie is left alone and doth join himself more with Rachel and me; for he is a quiet boy and loves his book.

CHAPTER IX

JOHN DELAVAL

30th of 5th mo. (July) 1684.

THERE is one John Delaval that hath been here often of late to see father. It seems he did travel up with him from New York and made acquaintance with him on the road. He is not a Friend, yet doth he carry himself lovingly towards father, and asketh many questions anent Friends and their doctrines. " 'Tis an ingenious youth," saith father, and indeed he hath a good open countenance and laughing blue eyes that do commend him to the beholder. Yet in their converse I do marvel how the young man doth regard things so differently from what we have ever been taught. He hath never thought of Christ's way of love for dealing with the Indians, but speaketh only of keeping them in bounds by fear.

"We must have abundance of well trained militia," saith he, "else will the red men turn upon us again as they did in King Philip's war; and those Indian fighters have neither truth nor mercy. The only safety is to be beforehand with them."

So John Delaval is himself a captain in the militia, yet, for all his fierceness towards the red men, is he notably kind and gentle in his carriage towards us. He hath the gentle breeding of those that are called great in this world, and verily 'tis pleasant and comely in a young man,

10th of 6th mo. (August) 1684.

Our Proprietor is now ready to depart. He will sail in the ketch, "Endeavor," now lying at anchor off Coaquinock, where we did come ashore a year agone. This going of the Governor doth stir up many memories, and rouseth home-sick longings for Wales and all that we did leave behind.

Father hath writ a letter to Friends in Montgomeryshire, and we do please ourselves with picturing the reading of it on Firstday at Dolobran Meeting or at Clodie-Cocchian. Rachel and I, indeed all of us, have been packing a box to send to little Thomas. Poor boy, he will be often longing for us. I do think of him weeping sore for dearest mother. He writeth to us now and again but his letters are school letters and have been read over by the master, so can I never feel that they are truly Thomas. Only sometimes hath he slipped in a sad scrawled sentence which we could scarcely read, but that was his very own. So now have Rachel and I knitted him sundry warm hosen, and a spencer to wear under his doublet. We would fain send him some of the compotes and preserves that we do make from the berries that abound in the forest, yet have we but few vessels to pack them in, and those we have must be kept for our own use here next winter. 'Tis mighty strange how many of the common necessities of life we do lack in this wilderness, and we must marvel to think how many conveniences we did accept at home with never a thought of those that had toiled to provide them.

Last autumn we did gather a store of nuts and chestnuts, and did send a large bag-full to uncle John, and another to Thomas, and there be sundry beaver skins, and

curious articles of birch bark, that father hath purchased from the Indians, and a pouch of dressed deer skin, broidered with beads and the quills of the porcupine dyed red and blue. These we can send, also some pieces of maple sugar, but the cakes and pasties that we would fain send may not be, on account of the long voyage.

11th of 6th mo. (August) 1684.

William Penn is full of business, with the affairs of the province, and the new treaties that must be made with the Indians. There be no less than ten Indian nations in Pennsylvania, and since the report of W. Penn's righteous and friendly dealings with them is spread abroad, the more distant ones have sent delegates hither to talk with the "White Father," as they do call William Penn, and to pray that treaties may be settled with them likewise.

For the affairs of the Government, he leaveth them with the Provincial Council, of which father is now the President and hath charge of the great seal; James Harrison, his steward, is left in charge of his manor and house (not yet finished) at Pennsbury, and his cousin, Colonel Markham, is to act as his Secretary.

So hath William Penn ordered all things, and now will he set forth, armed with those papers and writings which father brought from New York, to prove his claim to the lands that have been in dispute.

John Delaval is still here, and there is also another young man who is here about the Governor's business, namely Philip Lemain. He, too, is not a Friend, but he is much in W. Penn's confidence, and he too hath been more than once at our house to speak with father.

13th of 6th mo. (August) 1684.

Yesterday hath the "Endeavor" put to sea with her precious freight. The wind hath been very brisk and favorable so that tonight we reckon she is well outside the Capes of the Delaware. Alas, that it should be so, for tonight cometh Colonel Markham in a mighty toss and doth tell father that the papers and writings from New York are left behind.

"And 'tis the fault of young Philip Lemain," saith he, "for the Governor entrusted them to him for safe keeping; and here is the package, tied up and sealed by you, and carelessly left by him, lying upon the Governor's table. I wot well that if my cousin discovers the loss they will even put back to port, for these writings were the very ground and strength of his going. Yet with this wind 'tis like they be already far on their way. I do marvel that the Governor should entrust so weighty a matter to Phil Lemain. He hath ever seemed to me but a feather-brained youth. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd," he went on, "his mind was too full of your pretty daughters to give right heed to matters of state."

And with this parting hit at dear father, Colonel Markham took his leave.

I do rejoice that the blame doth not fall on John Delaval, yet methinketh he would have been more careful. He is leaving us soon and shall come this afternoon to bid us farewell.

Evening.

What shall I say? John Delaval hath been here and hath asked father's permission to make his suit to me. Father came to tell me of it, saying, "Tell me freely, daughter, hast thou a mind to let the youth speak for himself?"

"Why, father," said I, "he is not one with us; I thought thou would'st not hearken to him at all."

"Oh, so thou did'st 'think' of this possibility!" saith father, and I could not deny it.

"Well, daughter," then saith dear father, "I am not free to say Yea or Nay in this matter, I will not quench a God-given love, and I cannot deny that 'tis a good youth and an honorable, yet prithee remember," he finished solemnly, "the great importance in such a union of being united in the highest things." He laid his hand on my head, saying, "God guide thee to a right decision," and then he left me, and in five minutes cometh John, with a beaming countenance and an assured air, to tell me of his love.

He seemed a little taken aback that I did hold myself somewhat aloof from his eager embraces, and still more when I said, "Nay, I must have time to consider of it; I must be quiet and lay it before the Lord."

"Nay, now, Nancy," saith John very eagerly, "you are much too serious about it. 'Tis I that am asking you to marry me, child, not to hold a Quaker Meeting.—You can be a Friend still, an you so desire it; I would not interfere with your religion and we need not quarrel about that, there be plenty of other interests in life besides religion." And again would he fain have folded me in his arms, but oh, the bitter disappointment! Truly it cut me to the heart to find he made so light of that which was meat and drink to me.

I did look in his face—the pleasant open face that had grown to be my delight—and it came over me like a black cloud, how dark life would be without that sunny smile to brighten it; and yet when I did think of agreeing to his

proposals, things did seem even much darker. There was *no* light *at all* that way, and the word of the Apostle sounded in my heart, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" And I said, "Nay, John, I cannot answer thee now as thou wouldst have me: prithee give me till tomorrow to think upon it, then will I give thee a plain answer, Yea or Nay." "See thy answer be 'Yea' then, Nancy," saith John, and with that he left me; and soon I did hear the great door shut and knew that he was gone.

But 'twas hard to go down to the children, and to meet father's questioning eyes; but I did smile at him and whisper, "Pray, father, that I may decide aright." So he knoweth that 'tis not decided yet.

14th of 6th mo. (August) 1684.

After I had writ the above, I did set myself to consider the question. But soon I saw clearly that I could not link my life with John Delaval's. It is not that I do not love him; I could gladly lay down my life for him, but ever when I think of saying, Yes, there cometh that darkness, and that sense that it would be displeasing to the Lord.

And yet, to say No to him, to cut myself off, perhaps forever, from the joy and delight of these last happy weeks, to turn back to the old, dull routine of life! And John would have gone back to New York and there would he soon mate with one of the world's people, or mayhap he would go forth to fight with the red Indians, and they would kill him. And I said to the Lord, "Lord, is there no other way? Can I not keep him and keep Thee too? Perchance I can win him for Thy service."

But still was the darkness there; and the scripture,

"He that hateth not father and mother, yea and his own life also, for my sake and the Gospel's cannot be my disciple." And at last I said, "Lord, Thy will be done, I must follow Thee."

But in sooth 'twas my own life that I did lay down there, and I did feel cold and numb and as though nothing would ever move me any more.

Rachel, who shares my room, had long since slept. At first she was restless, waiting for me, and I did undress and lay myself down at last that she might be at ease; but when all was ended, and, with a sigh, I did turn myself once more to try to sleep, Rachel did sleepily murmur, "Dearest Nan," and did put forth an arm round my neck. It was a comfort, and we slept together.

John did come again today, and I told him my answer was, "Nay." I did strive to be calm and not to let him see that I cared, but it would not do, for when in bitter grief he cried, "Then, Nan, thou lovest thy religion more than me," I must needs answer, "Nay, John, I think I love thee better than aught else save only Christ."

He did see it was no use, and I could not let him kiss me. Yet was he sorry too, but he said, "I see you would not even let me continue with the militia, and *that* I could never give up. It toucheth my honor, so maybe 'tis best we part."

Then he went away; and somehow those last words did bring me the first ray of comfort, for as in a flash they showed me what it would have meant to give myself to him; so many things would have come between us wherein we could not agree.

So I told dear father in few words how matters stood, but he did cry, "Thank God!" and did press me to his

heart so close that it hurt, saying over and over, "O God be praised, my child. Forgive thy father that he let thee be exposed to this sore trial. I should never have permitted the young man to come near thee."

"Oh, father, and then should I never have known him," said I, and then we both laughed and I felt better.

15th of 6th mo. (August) 1684.

Today cometh Cousin Betsey Jones, the wife of mother's kinsman, to speak with me. She is a worthy elder in the meeting. and doubtless 'tis her duty to watch over the lambs of the flock (Am I a lamb then? I feel *so* old!).

"Dear Hannah," quoth Cousin Betsey, "I do hear that the young man hath departed."

"Yes," quoth I, "his business being ended when Friend William Penn sailed, he hath returned to New York."

"Child," she went on, "thou hast no mother, and I do feel a weighty concern on thy account. The young man hath a pleasant way with him, yet is he one of the world's people, and I trust there hath no entanglement happened between you?"

"Dear father knoweth all that took place," said I, for I would not have her think me unprotected. "Father knoweth it, and the young man hath understood that there can be nothing betwixt us."

Cousin Betsey kissed me then and spake words in praise of my prudence; but, Oh, I am not meek and prudent as she thinketh—within was a great turmoil of spirit. She shall not see me weeping; but as soon as she went, the day being cool and pleasant, I did call the children for a run in the woods.

'Tis ever bliss to breathe the free air, but day by day

the forest doth withdraw itself before the axes of our settlers. 'Tis marvellous how many houses are already in building, and the streets in the city, our own Wynne Street, and others, do begin to appear. Many ships have come during the summer, bringing Friends in goodly numbers; I do suppose there were many hundreds at the meeting last Firstday. Yet for all the hewing and the building, is there still much forest on all sides, and in those great spaces can one still feel one's own littleness, and know one's own little sorrows to sink away in the near presence of the heavenly Father.

JOHN AND NANCY

CHAPTER X

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY

21st of 7th mo. (September) 1684.

My birthday again. I am eighteen. I do often feel that I am old,—old—, and that all of life that matters lieth behind me. And then must I be thinking of dearest mother and all her loving care a year agone. 'Tis three years past that she did give me this book, indeed nigh all I have of precious things did come to me from her loving hand. Yet even today am I not wholly forgotten, for Rachel hath remembered, and this morning when I was sitting by the open window with my Bible, and the tears were hindering me from my reading, she crept up and did throw her arms around me, and did kiss me, and cry, "A happy birthday, Sister Nan!" and then she whispered—"Nancy, I would fain be good like thee."

"But I am not good," said I. "Oh, Rachel, 'tis so hard to be good without dearest mother!"

"Yea, Nancy," saith she, "thou didst choose Christ rather than John Delaval.—Yes, I know it did hurt thee sorely, and I have wanted to talk to thee ever since, and to ask thee why thou didst it. Christ must be very precious to thee to make up for a friend like John."

"Truly he is," said I, and then somehow, it all seemed so real to me, and I saw in a flash how greatly it mattered that Rachel should choose Christ too. I tried to tell her

how to seek Him, and we did kneel and pray together, and my birthday was no longer sad to me. Then father kissed me, too, and gave me his blessing; and we did agree to keep little Samuel's birthday with mine today, and father said—"Tomorrow will be your precious mother's first birthday in heaven; we must rejoice with her and not weep."

30th of 7th mo. (September) 1684.

The Council hath been sitting since the eighteenth of last month, and father hath spent many hours daily on this business, but he doth it gladly if so the plans of our worthy Proprietor may thereby be forwarded.

Another ship hath sailed for England, and Colonel Markham hath dispatched the parcel of writings by the hand of the Captain, a trustworthy man, so we do hope that they shall come to hand even before they be found missing.

The children are all well and thriving, only the abundance of flies and mosquitoes doth greatly trouble us. The growing town seemeth to be a great attraction to these winged pests.—We have been fain to use some of the stuffs which father brought from New York to cover the children's beds, else could they not sleep for the biting of the mosquitoes.

12th of the eighth mo. (October) 1684.

I know not why it is, but of late I do not feel happy regarding our governess, Friend Tace Evans. She hath ever admired dear father, and of late doth show such an eagerness to wait upon him; and to my fancy—pray God it be but fancy—she doth begin to take

upon herself new tasks in our home; 'tis well-nigh as though she were already the mistress. I cannot note that father hath any leaning that way. He is ever kind and courteous to all, but nothing more, and I do fear that either he or she must be sorely vexed, and mayhap she must leave us. I do suspect that some of our good Friends be meddling in the affair, and I do ask myself, why cannot they leave us alone? We are satisfied and, even without nurse Gwendolin, we can make shift to carry forward the work, but if Tace Evans must leave us too, then indeed would life be difficult.

26th of 8th mo. (October) 1684.

The Council hath adjourned, so now shall father have time to visit Friend Thomas Janney and see brother Mordecai, how he fareth. Johnnie is to go with him, for he is a good boy and diligent, and this visit shall pleasure both the boys. 'Tis seldom now that father taketh holiday, for his work as a chirurgeon groweth apace, and moreover his duties as keeper of the great seal, and of the Rolls, and President of the Council do press upon him. Sometimes he doth sigh and say to me, "Would God we were back in Montgomeryshire! Yet, no, 'tis God's will that we be here. May He give strength to do the day's work in the day-time."

For my anxiety on account of Tace Evans, 'tis still with me. I do greatly fear she is hoping soon to fill dear mother's place, and she doth more and more seek to make herself necessary to father's comfort, whilst he, good man, appeareth to have no thought whatever of such a matter.

3rd of 9th mo. (November) 1684. Father and brother Jack have returned from their journey, and do bring us good tidings of dear Mordecai. His master doth commend his diligence, and Mordecai is satisfied to be in the country and to have work that interests him. They be setting up the flour mill, and Mordecai and the Janney boys are all working together.

30th of 9th mo. (November) 1684. A letter from William Penn. He hath had a quick voyage home and landed only seven miles from his own house. But he hath discovered the loss of the papers and is much distressed thereat. We hope, however, that long e'er this he hath received the package safe and sound.

But now doth he require other affidavits concerning the Dutch holding of the lands before Lord Baltimore came, and W. Penn would have father go again to New York to procure these. I cried out against it when father told me of it; yet he did smilingly rebuke my hastiness. "For," saith he, "it may be the leading of the Lord, for 'tis clear that I must leave you for a time, if I be not to give you Tace Evans for a second mother."

So I was not mistaken, and father hath seen it too. " 'Tis a good faithful soul," he went on, and I would not hurt her feelings, yet marry her I will not, for though I can never renew that fresh first love that I had for thy mother, I do yet hold that marriage is too sacred a thing to be entered upon without love, and Tace Evans hath my respect but not my love. Our good Friends here are minded to give me a second wife, and indeed for many reasons 'twere doubtless the right thing to do, and now

this journey to New York may well be God's leading to open the way for a right settlement."

As father spake, I do suppose that my countenance fell, for truly his words were very grievous to me.

"Forgive me, daughter," he went on, "I had not thought to speak thus to thee, yet belike 'tis well to be open to one another on so weighty a matter, and I know not how long this business of our Proprietary may detain me: there be three men that I must see and I know not yet where they may be found; so can I not promise thee aught for my coming again, but I will take all the measures that may be for your comfort here.

"I do purpose to leave my affairs and, so far as may be, the affairs of the Province in the hands of Dr. Griffith Owen, who hath latterly been very serviceable to me in that regard.

"I would have Tace Evans stay with thee for the present," he went on, "thou canst not well abide her loss; yet will I speak with her before I go, and settle her mind, if it may be so, regarding that other matter. If she desire matrimony 'twill not be hard to find a mate for her. There be many personable and hopeful youths lately come amongst us, and all desire to find helpmeets,—indeed, daughter, 'tis like thou and Rachel will be sought in marriage, but do you only keep to the principles which already thou hast made good proof of. Put Christ ever first and commit all thy way to him. He will not fail thee."

6th of 10th mo. (December) 1684.

So father hath gone away again to New York, and we all feel lonely,—lonely. 'Tis a heavy responsibility on me, and doth drive me ever to prayer that God would

give me grace and wisdom. Dear Rachel doth comfort me much. These three months past, ever since my birthday, hath she shown such love for the Bible and for our quiet hour that we do share together before the others be awake. In truth I do ask myself, what could we motherless girls do with our many household cares, had we no safe refuge to flee to?

CHAPTER XI

TACE EVANS

4th of 11th mo. (January) 1684–85.

THE winter hath set in again with bitter cold and much snow, but father hath made good provision for all outdoor needs, so have we no cares for those.

Within doors,—'tis a great relief to know that father hath spoke with Tace Evans, and that she understandeth his mind. Doubtless 'twas hard for her, and she hath been somewhat cast down since his departure, yet not so much as I feared, and already doth she pluck up heart and go with a lighter step. She saith naught to me, but I did note today at meeting that Tace had put on her bettermost paragon dress and mantle of black ducape that she did use to wear only on Firstday. Tace Evans hath a neat shape and a pleasant and comely face, and I make no doubt that an she encourage their advances she may soon have several eligible swains to choose from, for a husband.

As for us, we must learn to shift without her, and I do think we can find another to take her place with the children. We have already a young maid, the oldest daughter of Nicholas Bom, that doth tend our little Deb and Sammy; and since Rachel or I must be ever at hand to watch over them, we do manage well enow since Gwendolin left us.

The daughter of father's new steward, Dr. Owen, is a

maid of twenty-three, or thereabouts, and she is a good friend of mine, and cometh oft to the house, so our children, Mary and Bess and little Margaret, do begin to love her dearly. Bess is a fine strapping wench of five and a half, but dear Margaret is ever sickly and must often suffer pain. She can walk but little, and lieth mostly on the couch that hath been specially made for her. Father did commend her to the care of Dr. Thomas Wynne before he left us, but it seemeth that none can aid her much. She is a sweet patient child, and with her book is she already far in advance of many of like age. She is but four years old, yet she findeth so much solace in picking out the words of the Bible that I have been fain to teach her her letters. "The Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come," by one John Bunyan, is another favorite. Indeed, I trust I do not overpress the darling, but it seemth to be such joy to her to read of the good Pilgrim's adventures that I cannot bear to cross her in it.

10th of 12th mo. (February) 1684–85.

Letters from father do bring good news of his success in the business that took him to New York, but it is not entirely finished, and he must remain yet a while longer there. He saith that New York, being under the government of the Duke of York, hath only won to any freedom after long struggles, yet at last some freedom doth appear, and is enjoyed by the Friends who have settled there.

There be meetings at New York, and also on Long Island, at Oyster Bay, Flushing, Gravesend, Jamacia, and also on Shelter Island.

The country is open and fruitful, and the homes of the people well built in the Dutch fashion, with flourishing gardens, and good stock of cows, sheep, etc. With ocean and bay, and low-lying wooded shores; the clean, brightly painted houses and barns; and the farmers and their wives dressed for the most part in bright colors, and in the Dutch fashion; the country, father saith, hath ever a strange foreign air, more settled, yet different from our forest-clad Pennsylvania.

3rd of 1st mo. (March) 1685.

Another letter from father, bringing the tidings that I did fear. As on his former visit, he hath been kindly welcomed and entertained by Friends, and in particular seemeth to be much taken with one Patience Story, a widow woman with three children. He doth purpose very soon to make her his wife. How strange it seemeth to think of her in dearest mother's place! Her children, two girls and a boy, are of the ages of our Jackie and Mary and Thomas. They be all at school.

Father saith, "My friend is no longer young, being the widow of a worthy Friend of these parts, Robert Story. Thus hath she already had experience of the married state, and of the management of children. She hath abundance of means of her own, so is she not drawn to me for sake of worldly gear, and I do think she will prove herself a mother indeed to you, my dear motherless children."

(O father, father, how little he knoweth of our feelings!)

So soon as he can complete W. Penn's business, shall they be married, and then will they shortly return to Philadelphia, but we know not yet whether we must look

for our new sisters, Patty and Jane, and our brother, Robert, to come with them or not.

15th of 1st mo. (March) 1685.

So now when Tace Evans hears of it, she cometh to tell me that a worthy solid Friend, one Caleb Pusey, doth seek her in marriage. He is a widow-man with one child, a daughter, Ann. I do rejoice on her account, and 'twill doubtless be a satisfaction to father that her matter is thus settled.

Tace Evans hath been so long a part of our lives, and until this last ground of uneasiness, hath she been ever a good friend to us girls, so that her marriage doth sever another link with the past. I will do all that I can to provide a fitting outfit for her, even as though she were my own sister. I know dearest mother would have wished it.

27th of first mo. (March) 1685.

Katherine Owen is helping us, for she hath a pretty taste in all that belongeth to the toilette.

I deem it right and pleasing in the sight of Him who hath given the lilies their beauty, that these bodies of ours, that are the temples of the Holy Ghost, should be well and seemly clad; not that we should follow the ever changing and sometimes unseemly fashions of the world, but that we should seek out what is modest and becoming, and that will not attract undue attention, yet such as will give pleasure to the beholder.

I had not thought to write a sermon on raiment, yet our minds have of late been so occupied therewith that some clear thought may well come forth from the maze. Many of our Friends do interest themselves in Tace and

her furnishings. Some would have nothing but the plainest apparel, and the soberest colors, and do deem it sinful to spend time and money thereon. I cannot agree with them, and I do rejoice that dear Tace, who hath labored faithfully for us all, should now be able to take some little pleasure herself.

'Tis nothing rich nor extravagant; just a good supply of linen under-garments, with stout linsey-wolsey petticoats and underbodies of our own weaving for the winter. She hath working dresses of camlet and paragon, in green, and dark blue, and brown, and two gowns of silk.

The one for the wedding is of a pretty soft drab, with full sleeves to the elbow and fine white undersleeves showing beneath. Rachel and I are giving her a pair of curiously wrought gold sleeve buttons that belonged to dearest mother. Her long apron to wear at the wedding is of fine green tafetas, and her hood is of black ducape silk, with long rounded ends hanging down in front, over the fine white muslin kerchief.

Certes she will be a pleasing bride, and I trow Friend Pusey will be well content when he greets her. For cold weather, her new cardinal is of crimson broadcloth, lined with drugget, and she hath a black beaver hat to wear therewith.

In working and planning for Trace, I do well-nigh forget the anxious thought concerning our new mother, and the changes that are coming in our home. Lord, though all things change, yet Thou remainest: Thou art the same, yesterday and today and for ever. Blessed be Thy name!

8th of 2nd mo. (April) 1685.

Tace Evans is married and is Tace Pusey now, and dear father is at home again, with his new wife. 'Twas hard for me to meet our new mother; yet is she a sweet comely woman, with a loving smile that doth commend her to the little ones. Margaret and Deb and little Samuel cannot remember dearest mother, so is there nothing in their minds to prevent them from loving her.

Bess and Mary and Johnnie held back at first very shyly, but when they did see that Rachel and I were ready to welcome the new comer, they too came forward as we had bidden them.

Father was not changed as I had feared. He came in with his quick, firm step, and a wistful smile that sought my eye and seemed to plead for a favorable verdict. I could not withhold a loving embrace from the dear man, and a kindly greeting also to the comely gracious stranger whom he presented to us as our new mother.

There be so many of us, it must have been confusing for her; yet she smiled on all and did seem to know some of us already; father having doubtless told her many things concerning his great little family.

Taking it all round, I do feel more comfortable tonight about our home than I have done for long, and I do hope that our neighbors and Friends will be satisfied!

CHAPTER XII

DEATH OF CHARLES II

10th of 3rd mo. (May) 1685.

An English ship has come in, the first this spring. It brings important news; a letter to father from William Penn, of which more anon. Also letters from Dolobran and from Traeth telling us of the death of aunt Elizabeth Lloyd. I am glad that her children are pretty well grown; Charles is twenty-two and Sampson nigh twenty. Elizabeth is just my age and has been always my friend. Rachel and I were often at Dolobran Hall with aunt Lloyd and our cousins; we loved her well and 'tis strange and sad to think that we shall see her no more.

The letter from William Penn telleth of the death of King Charles. He saith: "The king is dead; and the Duke succeeds peaceably. The King was well on Firstday night, being the first of February (so called); about eight next morning, as he sat down to shave, his head twitched both ways or sides, and he gave a shriek, and fell as dead, and so remained some hours. They opportunely blooded and cupped him, and plied his head with red hot *frying-pans*. He revived and continued till Sixthday noon, but mostly in great torture. He seemed very penitent, asking pardon of all even the poorest subject he had wronged; prayed for pardon and to be delivered out of the world. . . . He was an able man for a divided and troubled kingdom. The present king was proclaimed about three o'clock that day."

Truly an awful history. Could "red hot frying-pans" be of use, I wonder, to a dying man? 'Tis well that he was penitent, for certes his reign of well-nigh twenty-five years has been filled with wickedness and evil-doing. I do marvel that William Penn should say that he was "an able man," yet dear father saith that in the beginning of his reign, when all men's hopes were high, he had a name for good ability and great wit.

These tidings do again arouse old memories, and father hath sat long with us tonight, telling us of his first visit to London, and how he did see King Charles walking in the Green Park with his spaniels, and feeding the water-fowl. He did further recount our favorite story of the letter that came to him at Oxford, telling him that uncle Lloyd had joined with Friends, and was in prison in Poole Gaol, and how he did hasten home and found aunt Elizabeth in sore grief at Dolobran, with her month-old babe. "And that was the day I first saw your mother"; father went on, "I was riding out of Welshpool to go to Dolobran, and did meet your grandfather Jones; your mother was with him on her brown pony, and I have never forgot her merry smile." Dear father sighed heavily and said, "They be all gone now, the gay young king, and your aunt Elizabeth, your grandfather Jones, and your precious mother." And he sat for a long time in silence, brooding on the past.

18th of 4th mo. (June) 1685. At Burlington.

We be all here; father, our new mother, Rachel and I. 'Tis a yearly meeting for the Jerseys, and father and mother did feel drawn to attend it on their way to New York, whither they intend to go

when the meetings here are ended. 'Twas mother's thought that Rachel and I should come with them, and truly 'tis a great pleasure to us both, for 'tis the first time we have travelled since we came. We had beautiful weather for our journey hither, and 'twas mighty pleasant riding through the green aisles of the forest—a goodly company of Friends. Our road lay along the shores of the Delaware. At noon we came to the house of a Friend, where we rested, and did refresh ourselves with draughts of cider and a dish of freshly baked cakes.

Then did we ride on again through the afternoon sunshine, yet was there ever a fresh breeze that did temper the heat, so that none grew weary; indeed, we do take note that in this new world, even the air is, as it were, new, and as yet unbreathed and unpolluted.

All too soon for us young ones, we reached our journey's end, and were warmly welcomed by the Friends of Burlington.

There being as yet but a small meeting house here, and many hundreds having come to attend the general meeting, they concluded to meet in the woods,—both men and women, each in a several glade or clearing where planks of wood had been laid ready upon the stumps of trees, prepared for that purpose.

All Friends from a distance were liberally entertained, and none felt any lack. To us it was good sport to sleep on a mattress on the floor, and to eat in the open air.

The sunshine sifting through the pines, the flowers of the forest, the sight of the deer feeding in the open glades, the songs of the birds, and most of all the fellowship of a common purpose that united us, filled our hearts with joy and thanksgiving.

20th of 4th mo. (June) 1685.

Two ministering Friends from overseas are with us, one of them, Thomas Musgrove, a grave man of a pleasant countenance, and very weighty in his ministry. The other, Jonathan Tylor, is a younger man, somewhat weakly in body, but strong in spirit, and very eloquent and powerful in his service.

At the midday meal today, I did find myself seated straight opposite to this Friend. He was talking earnestly to one beside him, and I could not but hear what they were saying. 'Twas concerning John Delaval. My heart gave a great leap as I heard his name. I did think to have had put him forth of my thoughts forever, but it was not so; and what I heard did quicken all my pulses with joy.

Jonathan Tylor, the ministering Friend, was saying: "Yes, I have met the youth, John Delaval. His name, I have reason to think, is recorded in heaven. He is a man of a tender broken spirit, who loves the power of truth, and the operation of it which has helped him through and over what was contrary to it. My soul loved him and was drawn near to him with the first day I saw him, because of the sincerity I beheld in him, and as our familiarity increased so I found the bent of his mind was to serve the Lord in uprightness of heart."

"Thou surprisest me," then said his neighbor. "I was told that the young man was a captain of militia in New York before he came hither."

"That may be," answered Jonathan Tylor, "but I assure thee, John Delaval is a true Friend now. I know not whether he hath yet been received as a member, but I am assured that the change in him hath been wrought of God."

So John hath left New York and removed to New Jersey. I know not where his new home is, nor will I ask, for 'twere surely unseemly for a maiden like me to show so much interest in a young man.

But, oh, how beautiful these woods are, and what a delightsome holiday are we enjoying!

The 21st of Fourth mo. (June) 1685.

To crown our joy, today cometh Friend Thomas Janney and with him brother Mordecai. Hearing that father and all of us were here, and purposing himself to come to the general meeting, he hath most kindly brought Mordecai with him.

I do thank God that Mordecai is here today. We had a great and good meeting this morning and Jonathan Tylor did preach with power. I did watch Mordie's face, and did pray with all my heart that he might be reached. And I believe he is reached, for though he hath said naught to me, I did note that he was talking earnestly with Friend Tylor. Pray God he may submit himself to the striving of God's spirit in his heart.

21st of Fourth mo. (June) 1685.

At home again. The meetings are over, and father and mother are gone forward to New York, and Rachel and I did return with some friends of father's that were intending for Philadelphia. Mordecai took his leave of us in a humble tender spirit, far different from his old rough ways. He clung to me as we parted, and whispered, "Sister Nancy, pray for me" (Indeed I will, dear brother, and have long done so). Oh praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Before the meetings ended was there much talk concerning the Indians. 'Tis a great evil that the white men do persist in selling strong liquors to them. Poor things, they do feel themselves that they should not drink them, yet are they too weak to resist when tempted by the whites. Father hath striven to prevent it, but there be ever evil men that do evade the law. The meeting hath entered strongly into this concern, and also that Friends should strive to bring our red brothers to a knowledge of the principles of Christianity, and a practice of a true Christian life.

27th of Fifth mo. (July) 1685.

A busy time entertaining Indian guests. 'Tis not words only that are needed to keep our friendship with these sons of the wilderness. Since I last wrote have we had full experience of this and I will relate it here.

The day before yesterday was very hot. The sun rose in a mist, and long e'er eight o'clock was he blazing down with furnace heat upon us. Not a breath of air was stirring, but as I glanced from our doorway, lo the foremost trees of the clearing were moved as if by a breeze.

Looking more narrowly to discover cause for this, I beheld eight Indians emerge one by one from the wood, and follow in single file towards our house.

Father is still away, but I felt that we must not fail to receive these red men with due hospitality; so I did call upon Bridget and Trinken to bring forth cold meats and viands of all sorts, and to carry them abroad to a spot under the shade of the great oak, for their entertainment. They knew that father is now President of the Council, and their leader did understand somewhat of English, and

did speak with us, saying, "We be come to show friendship to the children of Onas"—their name for W. Penn. They had no war paint on, nor did they carry tomahawks, but the upper part of their bodies, and their arms and legs, were bare, save for strings of beads, and the worked moccasins on their feet.

Truth to tell they were very dirty, and the babes were sore affrighted with their looks. The Indians did eat and eat—I knew not that men could eat so much as they did—and then did they make signs for somewhat to drink. We gave them cider, for after what we heard at Burlington I would not bring forth "firewater," as they do call our spirituous liquors. I had sent for Friend Griffith Owen, father's steward, and when he came he was able to make them understand that he would not give them "firewater."

They sat around after they had eaten, and smoked their long pipes, and the night fell, and the fireflies came forth, and still the eight Indians sat there like statues made of bronze. Bridget and Owen Pumphrey were troubled to think of these wild men sleeping there, just without the door, and would have had me fasten all bolts and bars; but I would not do so, for I said: "They came to us in friendship, let us show confidence and trust. We will not trust in bolts and bars, but in the loving care of our Heavenly Father, and in the friendship of our red brothers."

So to bed and to sleep till sunrise. Next morning the Indians were still here, and we did give them meat and drink again. They ate and drank abundantly, and did smoke their pipes again, but did not say much.

So all day they abode with us, and at sundown they all departed, and Katherine Owen and Bridget rejoiced.

Rachel and I were not sorry either, yet this visit of the Indians made me ponder much upon our duty towards them, and how we may best carry it out.

We know so little of their thoughts, or they of ours, and all their way of life is so strange to us. To them it is a greater sin to show fear of pain than to steal or lie; and things that seem wrong to us are by them considered virtues. 'Tis very strange.

Yet when I think upon the love of God towards them, and how our Savior suffered for them as for us, methinks I do better understand His love towards me and all His long-suffering kindness.

There was a Quaker woman in England, called Mary Fisher, that did strive to carry God's message to the Turkish Soldan. Methinks she must have felt the difficulty of fitting it to his understanding; but once when I did ask father what Mary Fisher said to the Soldan, I mind me father said that God who sent forth the messenger, would also give the message, and he said that the Turkish Soldan, since he was also a man, had somewhat within his heart that would answer to a message from God, and in truth he laid no hands upon the Quaker maiden, but did acknowledge that God had sent her. And father saith that the Soldan and his lords did courteously entreat her, and did set her on her way when she would return to England. William Penn doth hold that our Friends have a message to give to the Indians, and that in their hearts, too, there is somewhat that will answer to it.

CHAPTER XIII

JOHN COMETH AGAIN

1st of Seventh mo. (September) 1685.

Father and mother are at home again. Oh, the joy and comfort of that thought. It seemeth to me that when dear father is here all other things are of but small import. Truly he hath a place in the hearts of our settlers, and he hath a notable way of softening harsh spirits, for he is himself so full of love, and withal so meek, that none can resist him.

Father saith that on their way home they did tarry at Friend Thomas Janney's, and that Mordecai was very loving and duteous. Since yearly meeting have they had a visit from Jonathan Tylor and Mordecai was much with him, and he doth seem to be confirmed in those good resolves he took at Burlington.

"Didst thou hear aught of John Delaval, father?" I ventured to ask. He looked at me searchingly, and I did feel the hot blood rush into my face.

"I heard that he is become a Friend," he answered, "and all do speak well of him; but, daughter, do not set thy heart on that young man. He hath shown no desire to renew his acquaintance with us. Belike hath he turned his thoughts elsewhere, and I would not have thee disappointed."

'Tis nigh a year since that sad day when John and I parted; and what a long, long year it hath seemed. Little

Samuel is well-nigh two years old, and dearest mother hath been two years in her heavenly home. The children are all well, and growing finely.

Katherine Owen is their governess now, only Friend Daniel Pastorius doth still give us, the three older ones, Latin lessons, for I am not too old to learn from him, and I would fain know more of the Latin tongue.

9th of 12th mo. (February) 1685–6.

Today at meeting I have seen John Delaval again. He came in with an older Friend, one of the Overseers, and my silly heart did find it hard to centre itself upon worship. At last I brought John and myself to the Lord, and did ask Him to undertake for us both, and then was I at rest.

So when meeting was ended, John came up to speak with father, which he did very pleasantly, yet with some air of embarrassment; but, alas! I could see that the daughter of Friend Eckley, the Overseer, was waiting by her father, and John, after shaking hands with Rachel and me rather stiffly, did decline father's invitation to dinner, and turn back with Friend Eckley. So we saw him no more, and I do feel assured that all is, indeed, at an end betwixt him and me. I knew not until now how much I had been building upon the thought of John's changed position, and how precious had been the hope of seeing him again. Well, now I have seen him again, and it is all over.

8th of 12th mo. (February) 1685–6.

No, it is not all over. Yesterday cometh John Delaval to ask father's permission to address me again. Father saith playfully to him: "Why, John, I did suppose thou

wert seeking another bride. What of Molly Eckley?"

"Molly Eckley," saith John in a maze; "why, Thomas Lloyd, I was introduced to her the first time at meeting yesterday. I am come to Philadelphia partly on business for my father, with Friend Eckley, and he did bring me to meeting and had engaged me to dine with him after."

Then they discoursed concerning John's change of faith, and he told father that he had purposely waited to prove his sincerity e'er he ventured to come forward again.

"For," said he, "I felt that ye might well suspect me of changing merely for the sake of winning Nancy. In sooth," he said, "Nancy was the cause of my change, yet not in that way; but when I did perceive how steadfast she was in her faith, and how Christ was more to her than aught beside,—though indeed I could see that it went hard with her to give me up,—when I saw that, it came to me that she had somewhat in her religion that I knew nothing of.

"I went away to New York, and did strive to forget, and to live as before; but ever the thought of Hannah was between me and all that I would engage in."

"Indeed, daughter," saith father smiling, "thou seemest to have bewitched the poor young man. He saith that he could not even continue as captain in the militia for thinking of thy peace principles.—'Tis well that William Penn doth not countenance a belief in witches, else might suspicion fall on thee as one."

Then father kissed me fondly and said, "What answer shall I give the youth, or wilt thou give him his answer thyself? Prithee be not too hard with him."

9th of 12th mo. (February) 1685–6.

But how shall I put into words the gladness of our meeting? All that I had ever hoped or dreamed of joy is mine in the coming of this new John who is yet the same, with the same true eyes and merry, fearless laugh. The same John, and yet different, and dearer now than ever, for he is become a follower of the lowly Jesus, and a true Friend. And all this comes to me with a sense of God's loving favor, and His blessing upon it, and of dear father's approval too.

So we be promised in marriage, and the children do rejoice, for they do all love John for his pleasant ways.

11th of 12th mo. (February) 1685–6.

The talk is all of our marriage, and many plans are afoot. Yet do I purpose to continue my journal, for truly it hath oft been a comfort to me in times of grief.

For our plans. John is in business with his father, who is a merchant in New York. They have ships that do ply betwixt old England and this new world, and of late hath John removed to the Jerseys for better convenience of dealing with their captains; for now do they purpose to trade with other ports besides New York. "And what could be better," saith John, "than to open up trade with this new settlement of Philadelphia, which is like to prove of more import than New York itself?"

So, with his father's consent, will he presently close up his business in the Jerseys, and come hither to make his home.

Their trade is also with Barbadoes for sugar and with Jamaica for coffee, and oranges, and divers sorts of dried

fruits that will stand the voyage. Rice, too, they bring from the West Indies, and sometimes a few blacks, which do sell well for servants here. But this last I have begged him to do no more. I like not to think of buying and selling our black brothers, for they be as truly our brethren as the red men. John is very willing to order all as I wish, and yester eve he was talking with Daniel Pastorius who had come in to see father. Daniel Pastorius loveth not to see men, whether black or white, made slaves of. He did call to mind how frightened we all were on our voyage hither, when we did think ourselves pursued by a Turkish "caper," and that we should be taken and sold for slaves into Turkey. "So what were it better than Turks do," saith he, "for us that say we are Christians to take those poor blacks from their homes and carry them hither for slaves?"

"Truly," saith John, "I had not well considered of it before, but 'tis plain the thing is wrong, and I, at least, will do it no more."

15th of 12th mo. (February) 1685–6.

John is away again to New York to settle his new plans with his father. He seemeth to have no doubt of the consent of his family to what he doth propose, and if all goes well he will come again in two or three months.

Meantime have we abundance of work on hand in preparation for the wedding and the new home. A house is to be built on this street, and but a few steps away, and then father will furnish it for us. He will cause the furniture to be made in our workshop here from boards of the new wood, called mahogany, brought from the southern

parts. There will be chests of the same, and of oak, for storing of linens and other household needments. Our looms are set up, and all the maids be hard at it, weaving my sheets and blankets. More than ever do I feel the need of quiet times, lest in this time of joy I should forget my God.

24th of 12th mo. (February) 1685–6.

A letter from John; my first love letter; and how precious it is! His journey was safe; and at the Falls he did tarry to see Mordecai, and to tell him of our betrothal; and John doth speak well of brother Mordecai, and calleth him a fine lad.

But for our plans.—His father is willing for our marriage, saying that since John will be a Quaker, 'tis well that he should have a Quaker wife. Also he approveth John's purpose of making his home in Philadelphia, and seeth profit that way in his business; but he approveth not at all of his decision to have no more to do with bringing in of negroes, for he saith 'tis a profitable and necessary thing, seeing the climate here is too hot in summer for our white settlers to work in the fields, so must we needs employ the negroes, and if it be lawful to employ them 'tis sure also lawful to bring them hither.

Thus John's father: but John stands firm to what he believes is right, and he saith his father did at length give way, saying:

"Well, son, if you will have it so, so must it be. You were ever an obstinate lad: and certes 'twill give us more shiproom for bringing in of other profitable merchandise, as rum, and spirits, for which there is like to be a greater demand than ever. I do hear that the Indians will have

their "firewater" at all rates, and we may make a pretty profit that way."

"So thou seest, Nancy," saith John, "I have but jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, for how can I be a party to that traffick in rum and spirits that hath such evil results for the Indians? These things our firm hath ever trafficked in, and I did never see the evil thereof before, but now are my eyes open to it, and I can no longer consent thereto.

"It may well be that my father will turn me out of his company, for he is an old man and may not lightly be crossed in his will.

"Art thou willing, sweetheart, to go to that length? For, mark me, 'twill mean delay in our wedding. I cannot lightly turn to a new course of life, nor is it likely that my father, if I so displeasure him in this, will find the money to start me afresh."

Will I go to that length? Aye, truly, John, will I; for I do know by experience that *nothing,* not even thou thyself and thy love, may stand between us and our duty to God. 'Tis joy to me to see that thou, my dearest love, dost feel as I do in this.

26th of 12th mo. (February) 1685–6.

But now, with this before us, I have been considering the preparations for our wedding. Meseemeth since we cannot engage in doubtful business, though it offer financial advantage, it behoves us to avoid needless expense, and so to fashion our lives on a simple plan that shall not require so much money.

I did speak with father anent it this morning, and he

doth agree with me, and saith moreover, "I thank thee, daughter, for putting me in mind of this principle. Truly in the hurry of this new world and in the natural desire to see things comfortable and seemly around him, a man may easily lose sight of the need for moderation and simplicity. 'Tis not enough to ask, can I afford to do this or that? We must also ask, can I rightly spend so much money for this or that object?"

30th of 12th mo. (February) 1685–6.

Another letter from John. He saith that father cannot agree to his proposals respecting the rum and strong liquors; and John's father saith,

"I wot well, son John, that thou and I must part. These newfangled notions of thine please me not at all. I am too old to change and albeit it hurts me sore to part, I do think 'tis better so than for us two to be ever at odds." And Friend Delaval hath made a proposal which is truly liberal and generous. He will give to John two merchant ships for his own, to be used in trading in accordance with his own judgment. These to represent John's share of his father's wealth, and no further claim to be made by him on his father's estate.

John saith: "These two ships will suffice me for a start, and I do think that with God's blessing on my efforts, we may still go forward with our marriage, since thou, my dearest love, hast already purposed to seek for plainness and simplicity in our manner of living."

So that dark cloud is gone, and our sun shines brightly again; and truly I have great joy in planning for simple

things in our new home, for continually is there the sense of God's blessing upon it.

10th of 1st mo. (March) 1686.

John is coming very soon. He writeth how the settlement with his father goeth forward, and that soon he will return to Phildelphia to begin business for himself. On his journey hither shall he stop in Jersey to end his business there. His two ships, the "Speedwell" and "The Bristol," be both wintering in the Barbadoes, and he hath writ to the captains, with orders to make for Philadelphia instead of New York. He must be here to meet them, and to order all for future ventures. John will have a room at Nicolas Bom's for the present, and an office on Front St., and a wharf for a landing place.

CHAPTER XIV

THE WEDDING

6th of 2nd mo. (April) 1686.

JOHN is here again, and our plans are going forward. His two ships must abide in the Barbadoes till the spring gales be past, so hath he time to order all things here for his new venture before they arrive. Our house goes on apace, and they be now making the garden, that needful vegetables and fruit may not be lacking in their season.

With John's consent have I spoke with father of my wish to keep little Sammy, and darling Margaret, with me. Sammy hath ever been my special charge, and Margaret too, from her life-long weakness, is so dependent on me that I know not how she could abide a separation. Mother is very willing to pleasure me in this, for indeed her own children, though they be still in New York, do much occupy her mind, and though she is ever kindly and pleasant towards us, her step-children, yet any may see that her real love is for those others.

'Tis well that Rachel and Johnnie be old enough to shift for themselves; and, indeed, Rachel hath ever a loving motherly care over the little ones, and Mary and Bess and Deb be sturdy happy children, for the most part content with the passing pleasure of the hour.

I know not how I could have consented to go away and

leave them all, but now that John will make his home in Philadelphia, and the new house is but a stone's throw away, is all made wondrous easy for us.

10th of 2nd mo. (April) 1686. We have "passed meeting" today, a great ordeal for both of us; yet I feel that 'tis a good and seemly thing that in a matter of such import every care should be taken to ensure, if it may be, a happy union. So is it according to the good order of Friends to enquire concerning the previous history of those that do seek permission to marry as Friends.

To John who has only lately joined in membership with us, is all this most new and strange; yet he commendeth it much, and sayeth 'twere well if other Christian bodies did use the same carefulness. He hath had sorrowful experience amongst his own kindred of the evils arising from a too easy acceptance of a stranger.

Said John,—"With so many young marriageable men continually arriving from overseas, 'tis very needful that they should, as you do require, be furnished with proof respecting their clearness from previous engagements. Gladly then do I conform to your wise customs, and will hasten to procure testimony to my own clearness, and likewise the written consent of my father to this marriage."

From day to day, as all these matters do present themselves, I do find in John such right and just feelings, and such loving willingness to meet my smallest wish, that my heart doth safely rest in his love, with a continual wondering surprise that I should be blessed with such a friend and lover.

14th of 2nd mo. (April) 1686.

Dear father doth seem to be more anxious far to order all as best may be for us, than he was for his own wedding. I came upon him today with all his wigs laid out in order, and mother discussing as to which he should wear on the wedding day.

"Thy father is not satisfied with any of these," said she in answer to my question, "I shall be jealous of thee, Nancy dear, for when 'twas question of *our* wedding, he did consider this one abundantly good. *Now* must he needs make use of William Penn's offer of the loan of his periwigs, and he is writing to James Harrison at Pennsbury Manor that the box of periwigs may be presently sent down."

'Twas so funny that we did both laugh heartily at father, but he was as grave as a judge and could see nothing humorous about it.

"And then about my coat," he went on, when we had recovered a little from our "unseemly merriment." He held up his two bettermost coats, each with full skirts, and with twenty buttons and buttonholes down the front. One is brown, the other plum colored. "Tell me, Nancy, which wilt thou have me wear?" Father turned to me very solemnly.

"I do always like thee best in the plum colored one," said I. "Meseemeth it suiteth best with thy complexion, and when the periwigs come will we choose one to match well therewith; but, father, let us choose thy ruffles now, and thy cravat, also, and thy hosen. They do matter more than the coat even to my thinking. Shouldst thou not carry the "broade seale" also, and the Rolls, since 'tis so great an occasion?" I went on, laughing at him again, for

in sooth was he so serious that I must needs make a little fun at his expense.

Mordecai is to come to the wedding, and he and brother Jack will have their long coats with the twenty buttons too, only they will have no wigs. Some boys of their age do wear wigs, but ours never have; only their own brown hair is long and curling on their shoulders. Mordecai is sixteen and a half, and almost as tall as father, and John also groweth apace.

The three girls, Rachel, Mary, and Bess, will be dressed alike, and in sooth their dresses do please me well, for they be mighty pretty and becoming. They have flowered petticoats of tafetas silk, with skirts of soft mauve camlet, open in front, and short-sleeved bodices over full white sleeves.

The three little ones will not go to meeting, but be here to greet us when we return. I am glad that we have not far to go to the Bank Meeting House on Front Street, for 'tis sure an ordeal to walk thus through the streets on one's wedding day; but I shall have John with me, so why should I mind it? Indeed, when I do consider of all the blessings wherewith God hath crowned our path, I do feel that we can truly say,—"The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places. We have a goodly heritage. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

20th of 2nd mo. (April) 1686.

The eve of our wedding day. My dearest John has been here, and we have knelt together before the Lord, and covenanted with each other to give ourselves, and all that we have, to God and His service. I feel solemn and quiet in thinking of tomorrow. Father hath given orders to

have all things abundant and handsome, as becometh the head of the Council and representative of the Governor; and for that I have no concern; but I do earnestly desire that we should give no grounds to encourage any in superfluity or extravagance; and I am glad that father did order it so that we should use no strong waters or spirits, for saith he, "Who knoweth but our Indian brothers may deem it a fitting opportunity to repeat their visit, and I would not place temptation in their way." So shall there be abundance of cider, and also of coffee and wine, but no "firewater."

24th of 2nd mo. (April) 1686.

Our wedding day was cloudless and mild, and lovely with the putting forth of fresh green leaves, and bright spring flowers, and all that rich beauty which our Heavenly Father, who sure must be Himself a lover of beauty, understandeth so well to clothe the earth withal. Blue sky overhead, songs of birds, and fresh green on the forest trees, and the first blossoms of dogwood and pinkbud, were around us as we went forth to walk in the procession to the meeting house.

Father and mother first, he in the plum colored suit, and the Governor's periwig that best accorded with it. Though he is forty-six, yet did he look young and handsome, as well as good, and I was proud of my father. I walked next with my dearest John, and truly I was proud of him also, and did thank God heartily for him. Then came Rachel with brother Mordecai, John with Mary, and Katherine Owen with little Bess, who walked and behaved herself throughout with becoming gravity and decorum.

The meeting house was full of Friends who had

gathered from near and far to wish us Godspeed, but I saw not any of them, and a deep silence settled over us as we took our seats.

It was broken by dearest father, who knelt in prayer to ask God's blessing on us. His voice was so full of feeling that e'er I knew it a tear fell on my new green tafetas apron; but I did choke them back, and was ready when John took my hand and we rose together to repeat our mutual vows. As we had already had experience of this when we passed meeting, 'twas not so formidable to us, and John's deep loving voice as he made his promises, helped me to go through my part without mistake.

I promised, with divine assistance, to be unto him a faithful and loving wife, until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us. Then we sat again in silence, till the voice of the English Friend, Jonathan Tylor, was heard telling how God hath given us the blessed ordinance of marriage for the preserving of the home, and as a symbol of the mystic union of Christ and His church. He spoke well doubtless, but I know not rightly what he said for I was thinking of dearest mother, and of the feel of John's strong hand as it had pressed mine a moment before. Then did Friend Griffith Owen read from the parchment the certificate reciting the solemn order of the marriage, and after we had set our hands thereto, the meeting broke up, and many others signed it in witness.

We turned towards home, and all our Friends did follow with us, for on that day all were welcome, young and old, rich and poor alike. The tables were spread without doors, under the shade of the forest trees, and within doors also, and none went empty away.

I scarce know how the time passed, but I mind me that

when I must bid farewell to that chamber that I shared with Rachel, and go forth to the new untried life, a great wave of feeling did overwhelm me, and Rachel and I did weep together. Yet was it not wholly sorrow, only the past held so much for us both; so much that was gone forever and could never return. But oh how I thank God for His leading and for His tender care over me! Truly He hath thus far preserved my going out and my coming in, and I know He will not fail me in the future days.

In the twilight, John and I went together to our new home, the whole family companying with us to see us installed therein. We had planned that little Margaret and Sammy should not come to us that first day, so were we left alone together e'er long, and did begin by reading the Bible, and consecrating our new home to the Lord.

THE BRIDAL PAIR.

CHAPTER XV

AFTERWARDS

30th of 3rd mo. (May) 1686.

THE days fly by as they do when one is happy. 'Tis five weeks since our wedding day, and truly they have been weeks of pure joy. John's ships have come in, and he hath been busy with the disposing of the cargoes, and with the work of relading. Nothing that is of doubtful character must go into these ships.

His captains be very willing to fall in with his wishes, for they say: "Though there be profit in negroes, and in rum, yet there be risk and trouble also: and if you, Sir, are willing to make smaller gains, we shall not complain, for the cargoes will be more to our liking."

John hath a care too for the welfare of his seamen, and doth strive to guard them from the temptations of the life on shore. Father doth feel with him in this, and now that the summer hath come, and the town is full of seamen, father and John do ofttimes go forth at nightfall to visit the taverns and caves along the river, and exhort the sailors to temperance and sobriety.

This is good, yet John saith to me: "I trow 'tis not enough; for these poor fellows cannot well avoid frequenting these places of temptation, being the most of them have no other abiding place when in port."

So John doth strive to make friends with his seamen,

and by the influence of personal friendship to help them in the way of right doing. 'Tis a slow hard method, yet effectual when it can be brought to bear on a man.

I do admire more and more the simple straightforward character of my beloved. 'Tis clear that when he did accept Christ he did turn his back on the old life, and now meseemeth doth he never ask whether a thing be hard or easy, pleasant or unpleasant, but only that one question: "Is it God's will for me?" If the answer be "Yea," then doth John go forward to do it without more ado.

He hath more than once felt it laid upon him to testify to the goodness of the Lord in the public meetings of Friends, and this not with any labored solemnity, but with that direct simplicity of utterance as one man to another that doth so commend itself to the hearts of the hearers.

John is twenty-four, and I am not yet twenty, and some might wonder at the life we lead and say 'tis too serious for our youth, yet can I truly say that our home is a joyous place. Our hearts are light and free from care, for we have a Heavenly Father that careth for us; and they be full of love to each other and to all men.

For the outward, we have a goodly heritage: our house is commodious; not too large for comfort, yet large enough for ease: we have plenty of work, yet have we intervals of leisure for the enjoying of each other's society. When we would, can we run in to my father's, where is dear Rachel ever full of interest in all that concerns us; and father himself with his wise counsel to help us withal. And there, too, be the merry voices of the little ones, and the pleasure of comparing my two with Deb and Bess.

When we would fain be alone, just our two selves, can we ever leave Margaret and little Sammy to Rachel's

care, with Trinken Bom, whilst John and I go forth together.

Then in the cool of the evening do our two families mingle freely upon our balconies, that be framed upon the front of either house, for since Wynne Street (now called Chestnut Street by William Penn) hath been laid out, hath the door on that side of father's house been closed, by reason it was builded too far out on the street at the first. Father hath caused that the unused space be filled with a long balcony, or piazza, after the Italian fashion, and hath made the front door to open on Fourth Street.

21st of 7th mo. (September) 1686.

I am twenty years old, and if all be well, e'er another birthday, shall our home be blessed with the coming of a little babe. This thought doth tenfold increase my love for little Sammy, who will be three years old tomorrow, and for dear Margaret.

I do begin to understand the feelings of a mother, and John doth seem even more precious as we do share the wondrous knowledge.

30th of 9th mo. (November) 1686.

Bad news have come from England of rebellion and bloodshed. The Catholic religion of King James is hateful still to his subjects, and many of them be ready to fight under the banner of any Protestant Prince who seemeth to offer them release. So "King Monmouth," as they did call him, drew to himself great numbers of the country folk, and I am almost thankful that we are so far away; for those terrible doings on the Western Circuit, so

near our old home, do rend one's heart to think of the poor ignorant country folk, and the cruel punishments that were meted out to them by the Lord Chief Justice Jefferys.

23rd of Third mo. (May) 1687.

Our precious baby boy, our little John, was born a month ago. We do all agree that he is a beauty, and, with his blue eyes and fair hair, is he, to my thinking, very like his father.

'Tis mighty good for little Sammy that this baby hath come, for he ran great risk to be spoiled among us, partly for his puny strength that ever pleaded for him, but most because of dearest mother and that he hath ever been our precious legacy from her. Now, however, must the new baby take precedence in some sort, through his helplessness, and Master Sammy must learn the lesson that none can be *always* first.

15th of Seventh mo. (September) 1687.

The worst of the summer heats are over, and, thank God, all our children are spared to us. Dear Margaret is eight years old, yet is she still ever ailing and feeble. But in spirit is she strong, and many times must I marvel to behold her patience under pain, her simple faith, and bright sunny cheer. My little Johnnie is her joy. At five months is he a lusty crowing babe, and I may safely leave him with dear Margaret and Trinken, who groweth day by day more trustworthy, when John and I are at meeting, or in the evening when we be working in the garden, and Sammy is chattering and digging beside us, while Margaret, with little John in his cradle, lies near by in the shade of the plane tree.

Then at nightfall when the babes be laid to rest, cometh dear father to sit awhile on our balcony, and talk with John of the Council and the affairs of Government. Things do not always run smoothly, for men will still be men, and in the "Territories," particularly in East Jersey, are there but few Friends. Their representatives do continually press for a militia, and cry out upon the need of military defence; but so far is there no threatening from any quarter, and our settlers here, and in West New Jersey, be little disposed to vote money for a militia which they condemn. So nothing is decided in the Council, only good business is hindered and time is wasted.

Father doth anew lament the time he must spend on the business of Government, and longeth to find release from his position as President of the Council, and that not from unwillingness to serve our Proprietor, but more for the fret of these contrary minded members; dear father being ever a lover of peace, and a great hater of strife.

10th of 10th mo. (December) 1687.

My dearest Rachel hath today told me that her hand is sought in marriage by Samuel Preston, a young Friend of promise and ability. I am glad for her joy, and I do think that S. Preston is a goodly youth and one that will be a help to her also in best things. So shall there be another wedding to prepare for, but father hath begged them to wait a few months for the better establishment of Samuel in business, he having but newly started in his present undertaking.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

10th of 2nd mo. (April) 1688.

TODAY hath Friend Daniel Pastorius been here, to show us a writing which he and some more of the German Friends have drawn up anent the enslaving of the blacks. John and I do heartily agree thereto, but 'tis likely others may not see the matter as we do, for there be not a few negro slaves in the settlement, and others are being continually brought in by the captains.

More particularly in East Jersey is there much buying and selling of the black men. I am glad that our Friends here are not so forward therein since William Penn and George Fox have both warned us against it, and have given counsel that all slaves be well and kindly treated, and for Friends to set their blacks at liberty in their wills.

So Daniel Pastorius will first present his paper to Friends in his own monthly meeting at Dublin, and later, if they approve, will he go forward with it to the quarterly and yearly meetings.

'Twas good to see our old Friend and shipmate again, and to be able to congratulate him upon his marriage with one of his own nation, Anna Klostermann, who is a good and loving wife to him. Their new settlement of Germantown groweth apace, and he did give us a pleasing account of their houses, builded of logs, and the interstices filled

with wattles, river rushes and clay intermixed. On the inside are they plastered with clay, overlaid with a coating of lime-plaster. They be of but one storey, after the German fashion, and so low that a man six feet tall can readily touch the eaves; and set with their gable ends to the street.

" 'Tis but a simple manner of living, but we be well content therein," saith Friend Pastorius, "and we have excellent gardens and orchards, for the land is fruitful and doth well reward our labor. Ye must come and visit us," he continued, "and see my Anna. I do know that thou lovest a garden," he said, turning to me, "and in mine are there many curious plants, grown from seeds that I did bring from home, besides all manner of lilacs, pinks, marigolds, roses and other choice flowers."

So John and I have promised that when summer is come will we go to Germantown, to see Anna Pastorius and the wonderful garden.

3rd of 4th mo. (June) 1688. Friend Pastorius hath presented his paper on the negroes to his monthly and quarterly meetings. Friends did weightily consider it but not seeing clear light on the subject they are sending it forward to our yearly meeting at Burlington. 'Tis certes a difficult subject for it toucheth worldly gains, and one must needs walk very closely with the Lord if one would be kept fully clear when worldly gains are in question.

20th of 4th mo. (June) 1688. My dearest John hath just returned from Burlington. The German Friends were there, too, with their paper anent the negroes. They say: "These are the reasons

why we are against the traffic in the bodies of men, as followeth: Is there any that would be done or handled in this manner themselves, viz., to be sold, or made a slave, for all the time of his life? How fearful and faint-hearted are many on the sea when they see a strange vessel, being afraid it should be a Turk, and they should be taken and sold for slaves into Turkey. Now what is this better than Turks do? Yea, whether is it worse for them that say they are Christians; for we hear that for the most part such negroes are brought hither against their will and consent, and that many of them are stolen. Now though they are black, we cannot conceive there is more liberty to have them slaves than it is to have other white ones. There is a saying that we should do to all men, like as we would be done unto ourselves; making no difference of what generation, descent, or color they are. And those who steal and rob men, and those who buy and purchase them, are they not all alike?

"There is liberty of conscience here, which is right and reasonable; and there ought to be likewise liberty of the body, except of evil-doers, which is another case. But to bring men hither, or to rob and sell them against their will, we stand against."

This was their plea, and to me it seemeth a mighty strong one. John spoke up for it, and so did divers others, but many were against it, and the meeting made a record that, "a paper was presented by some German Friends concerning the lawfulness of buying and keeping negroes. It was adjudged not to be so proper for this meeting to give a positive judgment in the case, it having so general a relation to many other parts, and therefore at present they forbear it."

John came home disappointed, and he saith Friend Pastorius was greatly grieved, but I did say to John that we have need of patience: " 'Tis not so long since we also were without light on this point. Thou, my dearest, didst even bring in some of the blacks on thy ships and didst make merchandise of them. Why should we marvel that others to whom the subject is new be not prepared at once to accept our views?"

12th of 5th mo. (July) 1688. My dear little Mary, to whom we have given dearest Mother's name, is three weeks old today. John and I are rich, indeed, with our two lovely babes. Mary is a strong healthy child, perfectly formed; her little round head covered with the finest softest golden down. Johnnie is fifteen months old, and thriveth well but I do fear these hot summer days for him and Sammy: yet have we done all in our power to give them a cool nursery. John hath builded a balcony on that side of the house, to shade the windows and yet allow the breezes to enter. There do we lay the babes to rest during the hottest hours.

'Tis mighty pretty to see the three children together; Sammy taking a fatherly care over little Johnnie. Sammy is nigh five years old, and is much grown and improved since Johnnie came. I trust he will grow up strong and good as dearest mother would have wished him to be.

CHAPTER XVII

THE INDIAN SCARE

13th of 5th mo. (July) 1688.

One came to Philadelphia last night with tidings of an Indian rising in the country towards Chester. I know not that any fighting hath yet taken place, but they say 'tis a plot to murder the whites. John saith it may well be naught save a device of those that would fain force Friends to raise a militia. "For," saith John, "the Indians in these parts have ever been most friendly. There hath never yet been any quarrel betwixt us; we have not changed, and 'twould need more than a mere rumor to convince me that they have."

I looked at John, and I looked at our precious babes, so helpless and so precious, and I did ask myself, Can I trust these dearest ones to God's care, or do I crave the arm of flesh to protect them?

John said to me, "Nancy, if the test comes, what shall we do? Yet will I not ask thee; I know thy mind beforehand. We cannot fight, and truly," said he, "there is nothing in my mind that desires the death of an Indian. Let us rather pray and trust in God's protecting care."

14th of 5th mo. (July) 1688.

Today have we further news from Chester. 'Tis Tacy Pusey hath writ me how two days agone, it being the day set for the attack, at dead of night, cometh a messenger

out of the woods, and told the people that three families, about nine miles distant, which he named, were all cut off by the Indians. Saith Tacy:

"Caleb being in Philadelphia at the Council, Ann and I were alone. We did hear many voices without, and did rise and dress ourselves in haste, and run out to the neighbors, where many were gathered together with lanterns and torches and scared faces, discussing the news. Quickly cometh the sound of horse-hoofs, and out of the darkness came three men; one older and two younger Friends, who did ride forth through the night to examine into the truth of it.

"We that were left behind feared to go back to bed, so we did sit by the hearth till morning, when the Friends returned, and told us that they found the houses, but with no one in them, and yet no signs of murder; their inhabitants, alarmed by similar rumors, being fled to the homes of their parents at Ridley Creek, about a mile from thence.

"Many wild rumors are abroad," writ Tacy. "For example, one sayeth that having gone six miles from home to the mill, he was told of five hundred Indians actually collected at Naaman's Creek, in pursuit of their murderous design; and as he was hastening home he thought he heard his boy crying out, 'What shall I do? My dame is killed.' Upon which, instead of going home to know the certainty of the affair, he ran off to acquaint the government at Philadelphia; but being met by a person of more prudence than himself, before he got to the city, he was persuaded by him to return."

I do pity poor Tacy with Caleb away and only little Ann for company. I have John, and he is so strong and

quiet; it quiets all our nerves. He did read from the Psalms tonight the 91st, and after, as I laid me down with the sleeping babes around me, the echo of his voice was in my ear: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day." And I did sleep in peace.

15th of 5th mo. (July) 1688.

The city is much moved about the alleged plots. Father dispatched a messenger yesterday to Naaman's Creek to enquire into the truth of it. Today he is returned with still more alarming news, confirming the report, but with this variation, that it is at Brandywine Creek, at an Indian town, where five hundred warriors are assembled; and that they, having a lame king, have carried him away for safety, with all their women and children. These particular circumstances thus confirmed do bring certainty to the minds of most people, so that the town is surely in a great dread.

When the messenger had made his report to this effect, a silence fell upon the Council, till Caleb Pusey arose and offered himself to go to the place, provided they would name five more to go with him, without weapons.

John was the first to volunteer, for as he said later to me, "Forgive me, sweetheart, for leaving thee, but I did consider that had I still been a captain in the militia, 'twould have been my duty to go, and none would have wondered thereat,—and shall I adventure less now that I am a sworn soldier of the Prince of Peace?"

So these two, and four more, set forth on horseback to go to Brandywine. They purposed, should they find any

ground for uneasiness, to confer with the Indians, and seek to come to an understanding, and so prevent bloodshed.

Methinks we that were left behind had the worst of it, for surely naught is harder than to wait with folded hands whilst one's dear ones are exposed to danger.

Dear father came in after they left, and sought to cheer me by praising John. "Daughter," saith he, "thou hast a good brave lad for thy husband. I do love him as he were mine own son; and be of good cheer, they will come again in safety. These dreads and panics be often stirred up of purpose by those that would force warlike preparations upon us, but I am purposed to combat their devices, and not to give way to them, no, not for an instant. Now," saith he, "I will bring thy sister Rachel to stay with thee, for belike John and Caleb will not return till the morning, since 'tis already well-nigh dark."

I was very glad of Rachel's company, and we had abundance to talk of, for the day of her wedding with Samuel Preston draweth nigh, and there is much to settle.

So we talked, and the babes waked and slept again, and then we did read together the 91st Psalm, that we do know by heart now, and, after commending our loved ones to the Heavenly Father's care, we slept.

This morning early cometh the clatter of horses' feet, and cheery voices, and then John himself, his eyes bright and his cheeks rosy with exercise.

" 'Twas all a hoax," he said, "a false alarm. We came to the place they told us of, but saw no warriors, only the old king lying quietly in his wigwam, with his lame foot along the ground and his head on a pillow. The village was in a clearing of the forest near the banks of the Brandy-

wine. We saw the women at work in the fields as their manner is, and the children playing around; but we saw no warriors.

"When we six entered the wigwam, the old king presently asked us wherefore we were come. So we told him the reports that were abroad, and asked whether the Indians had anything against the whites. He appeared displeased at the reports, and said they that make them ought to be burnt alive. 'We have nothing against the English,' said he, but added, ' 'Tis true there be about fifteen pounds yet behind of our pay for the last piece of land which Onas did treat with us for, but as you are still on it and improving it to your own use, we are not in haste for pay, yet when the English do settle it we expect to be paid.'

"This our messengers thought very reasonable, and told him undoubtedly they would be paid for the land."

But John had not yet told all; he sat silent for a moment, and then went on:

"I thought of thee, my dearest, and how thou wert concerned for the giving of our message to the Indians, and I did ask God for words to speak to that old man, his days on earth may be but few, and I longed that he might come to know the Lord. So I did say to him that the great God that made all things did make both Indians and white men, and as He made all, so His love extended to all, and He had showed it in that He made his sun to shine on all alike, and His rain to fall on Indian and English alike, to nourish their crops, and this being so, they all should love each other."

"And did he seem to understand?" said I, as John paused.

"Why, yes, I do suppose he understood," he answered,

"yet methought 'twas but a poor message that reached him, for what he said when I ended was but to remark: 'Since the Great Spirit had given us corn, he would advise us to go and get it in, for,' said he, 'we intend you no harm.'

"So we parted amicably, and did ride home with what speed we could, but I do think," said John thoughtfully, "that had I spoken of God sending His Son in token of His love, the old king might have better understood the message."

THE THREE HORSEMEN

CHAPTER XVIII

CHANGES

16th of 6th mo. (August) 1688.

THE people have been more quiet since the hoax of the Indian plot was exposed, yet be there still some that do protest that we must have a militia. We calculate that in Pennsylvania and the Territories, there are now not fewer than twelve thousand inhabitants. Of these the Friends form much the smaller part, yet have they still the majority both in the Council and in the Assembly, and this by the free vote of their fellows. And so the Quaker principle of non-resistance doth still prevail, and these late happenings have much strengthened the hands of our Friends.

30th of 6th mo. (August) 1688.

Yesterday was my dearest Rachel's wedding day. She was a lovely bride: twenty years old she is, but her sparkling eyes and her soft rosy blushes do seem younger. Our new brother, Samuel Preston, is twenty-four, and a solid Friend. He is kind and steady, and I trow he is a good husband for Rachel, for sometimes meseemeth her impulsive nature doth call for the kindly wisdom of a steady mind. May God bless them and make them a blessing, is my prayer.

17th of 7th mo. (September) 1688.

Since Rachel is gone from home are there other changes there. Our mother hath proposed to father that Mary, now fourteen, and Bess, who is ten years old, should go away to the boarding school at Lewistown, which school is very highly spoke of for its female tuition.

Brother John will soon be seventeen, and as he hath ever been studious and diligent at his book, father saith 'tis time he should begin to learn something of business affairs, and my John hath proposed that he should come into his office to that end.

John's business is prospering; he hath two new ships, and there is abundance of work for another prentis besides the one he hath already. John will still live at home, and Katherine Owen will still help with the housekeeping, especially when father and mother go to New York as they do every year.

Katherine Owen doth now bring Deb every day to our house to teach her with Margaret and Sammy. So do our children grow apace, yet my little Johnnie and Mary are still but babes.

10th of 2nd mo. (April) 1689.

A ship has come in from England with strange news. King James is gone: forsaken by all men, and fled from the country on the coming of his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, who doth now reign in his stead, with his wife, under the titles of William the Third and Queen Mary.

What this change may mean to our Proprietor and to Pennsylvania, we cannot yet tell, but 'tis certain it will mean much. The late king was ever a good friend to

William Penn and did protect and favor him above many. The new king knoweth him not, or if he know him 'tis but to suspect him as a known favorite of him who is fled. Besides, king William is a warrior, and already is war declared betwixt France and England, and we know not what part Pennsylvania may be called on to take in it. We do hear already that the French do purpose to carry the war beyond seas; and that they shall subsidize the Indians to ravage the frontier settlements. New England and New York are arming to resist them, and 'tis like that the land must again be dipped in bloodshed.

Our Friends will not fight, and we still believe that friendship and righteous dealing are our best protection; yet as before said, there be many newcomers that differ from us in this, and who do now clamor more loudly than ever for a militia. Father did write some time ago to William Penn, asking for a release from Office, as desiring rest, and now he saith, "I am right glad I did. The responsibility is too great. It might well be that by persisting in our refusal, I should lose the province to our Proprietor, and that truly would be a sore grief. If he can find one to act as President that can unite the interests both of Pennsylvania and of the Territories, his position will be greatly strengthened. For me, though our own Friends be loyal, yet is there ever disunion in my government, through the dissensions of the Territories."

So in his letter doth William Penn reluctantly agree to father's request for release, but still urges him to reconsider, thinking mayhap that 'tis but a natural weariness, and desire for ease, that moveth father therein. Father saith, however, "I cannot go back. It may be some weariness did at the first move me, but in sooth, as things

now are, with such clamor for warlike measures, and our Proprietor so far away, I can no longer bear the responsibility."

4th of 5th mo. (July) 1689. William Penn hath named one, General Blackwall, to take dear father's place, and him he doth commend to us as "one that is not a Friend, but a grave, sober, wise man. . . . Let him see what he can do awhile," saith he. "I have ordered him to confer in private with you and square himself by your advice. If he do not please you he shall be laid aside."

Father is still Master of the Rolls and Keeper of the Great Seal and he saith, "I trow our Proprietor doth depend on me that I will not put the Great Seal to any deed that he would not approve. I must seek to work in harmony with this general whom he sends to us, but sorry am I that he is a man of war, and I do fear 'twill be hard for us to pull together."

6th of 1st mo. (March) 1690. Last tenth month was I brought to bed again with a darling baby boy, but the weather being bitterly cold, beyond all our previous experience, he only lived four days, and then the little life flickered out, and the spirit returned to God who gave it. 'Twas a grief to us both, but meseemeth the mother, who for so long hath cherished the growing life and felt it developing in her inmost being, doth suffer a more personal and peculiar grief; and when I saw my baby, his tiny hands clasped, and his sweet eyes closed, whilst a smile hovered round the lips that had never spoken a word of earthly language, methought I had never known what sorrow meant before.

May this bitter experience make me more tender to-

wards other women in their troubles. We say, " 'Twas but a babe," and pass it lightly by; but God alone knows how it hurts. We laid the baby beside dearest mother, the first of her descendants to join her in that quiet spot.

3rd of 7th mo. (May) 1690.

For ten months have we tried to work together with General Blackwall. Truly it hath been hard. General Blackwall is a soldier, and popular with those among us that do desire a militia. This, father and the majority of the Council do strongly oppose. The general hath brought in a writ for the raising of a militia, but father will not confirm it. Thus be they at bitter odds, and even father's peace-loving spirit cannot make harmony out of this discord. When father would go to New York, they did require him to leave the Broad Seal with the Council, designing thus to procure their desire. This father hath refused, since he doth hold himself responsible to our Proprietor alone for his use of the Broad Seal. The Council is more distracted than ever. Our Friends do cling to father,—indeed General Blackwall saith they "do shew an inordinate affection for him."

The members from the Territories, on the other hand, do side with the General and do loudly clamor of their undefended homes and of the dangers that threaten from the alleged hostile Indians. My John, who hath now been some time a member of the Council, saith 'tis a sad confused clamjaffry, and he doth marvel how a peace-loving man should carry himself therein. John himself doth approve of father's action, and feeleth that to raise a militia and to seek protection through carnal weapons would greatly endanger our safety.

Whilst we talked, dear father himself passed up the street with a slow weary step very strange to him. I did beckon him to join us where we sat on the verandah, and did bring out cooling drinks for both my weary law-makers.

We took up our former converse, and John said, "I do verily think that the only way for a man of peace to act in these turmoils is to do as saith the apostle, 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' " "Ah, if one could but do that," father said with a sigh, and then he sat silent again so long that I looked at him in wonder. At length he spoke: "Nay, children," he said, "I have not done so. I do think," he went on sadly, "I do think 'tis most my own fault that we be fallen into these distresses, for 'twas not the will of the Council, nor of William Penn, and mayhap 'twas not God's will either, that I should thus withdraw myself from the work, and so cause the bringing in of this general."

I kissed him then, and would have said somewhat to console him, but he would have none of it. "Nay, daughter," saith he, "seek not to hinder me from the truth. I thank thee, son John," he went on, "for bringing that scripture to my remembrance, 'tis verily the truth of God." And he went away, murmuring to himself, "Be not overcome of evil."

'Twas very moving to see dear father thus humbled and brought low, and I did feel strangely drawn to him, and did consider with myself how in the hurry of life I had perchance failed somewhat in that entering into his exercises which might have been of singular use.

Though a woman be not fitted for the cares of state, yet

can she ofttimes soften hard things with the oil of love for those that be called to bear the brunt.

So John and I did kneel together and confess our faults, and ask God's help that we, too, might be of the overcomers.

6th of 5th mo. (July) 1690. Matters have been better in the Council since that talk; the enmity that was fast developing betwixt General Blackwall and father is ended: yet are their views and principles so opposite that we may not look for any real unity. Indeed, the discord is become so manifest, that the General being advised thereto by William Penn, doth now tender his resignation, and they have once more turned for help to father. This time he no longer says them nay, so is he now appointed as Deputy Governor, with full powers to act with the Council, or on their own authority: all laws thus enacted to be referred to the Proprietor for final endorsement, but to be effective until refused by him.

10th of sixth mo. (August) 1690. My precious little Mary hath left us. She was nigh two years old and was become most lovely and endearing. She could say many words, and was intelligent beyond her years. Johnnie misses her sadly, and today, leaving his play, he cometh to me and, looking up with brimming eyes, saith, "Where is little sister, mother? I cannot find her."

My heart is very desolate. She was such a little darling —and then she had dearest mother's name and I did hope she would grow to be like her. She was the sunshine of our

home. We must not murmur, but truly "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous."

20th of 6th mo. (August) 1690.

There is a Friend named George Keith, lately come from England, a man of note and learning, who hath been a close friend of many of our trusted leaders, as George Fox, Robert Barclay, and others. At one time he was master of the school at Edmonton where brother Thomas did receive his education, and on coming hither he did presently take charge of the new Friends' school which is begun in Philadelphia by order of our Proprietor.

Father hath great pleasure in conversing with this learned man, and with other scholars, as Daniel Pastorius and Dr. Wynne.

Ye Broade Seale.

CHAPTER XIX

POLITICS

24th of 6th month (August) 1690.

THERE have been many ships from England this summer but not all the news they bring is good. 'Tis evident that the new monarchs are no friends to William Penn. He is a person *suspect,* and that on two counts: first, that he was so intimate with the late King and doth still boldly avow his friendship for him, and second, because of his Quaker principle of non-resistance, which, say his enemies, is but ill fitted for the governor of an important province; which now, that we be at death grips with France, may easily fall a prey to them unless properly defended.

Thus is William Penn continually harassed, and they do boast that soon his province shall be taken from him and joined to the government of New York.

He hath writ divers letters to father, to the Council, etc., warning us of the perils of dissensions, and of how his enemies do watch every action, to find somewhat that may be twisted into ground of complaint against him.

Also there hath been passed an Act of Toleration in regard to all religious beliefs, and it seemeth strange to us that William Penn, who hath so faithfully labored to bring about this toleration, should be so suspected by the monarch that hath now enacted it.

6th of 7th mo. (September) 1690.

Another ship hath come, bringing news that our Proprietor hath been arrested on a charge of treasonable correspondence with the late king. He was brought before King William for examination, and a letter was produced which had been intercepted on its way, in which King James called upon him to come to his assistance.

The first question put to him was, why King James wrote to him? He answered that it was impossible for him to prevent the king writing to him if he chose so to do. Asked as to what it was the king expected from him, he answered that he knew not, but he supposed that the king meant that he should endeavor his restoration. He said he could not avoid the suspicion of such an attempt, but he could avoid the guilt of it. He confessed that he had loved King James, and as he had loved him in his prosperity, he could not hate him in his adversity. Yes, he loved him yet for the many favors he had conferred upon him, though he would not join with him in what concerned the state of his kingdom. After further statements, the king professed himself so convinced of William Penn's innocence that he was willing to discharge him, but some of the Council objecting, he, to please them, ordered Penn to give bail to appear at the next Trinity term (so called). This being complied with, Penn was then allowed his personal liberty.

All this was narrated in William Penn's letter to father, and he again begged the Council to exercise the greatest care lest any action of theirs should give ground of offence in England.

All this doth greatly add to father's cares, yet do we note that he is no longer borne down and oppressed by

them. There be still some that do oppose him in the Council, but John sayeth that 'tis manifest to all that he is upheld by somewhat beyond and above nature. So patient is he become, and so loving towards all, that he doth oft overcome the evil by good, and many meetings of the Council that did begin in strife are thus brought to a peaceful conclusion. John saith William Penn may well thank God that, at this time of crisis, he hath one like dear father to represent his interests here.

7th of 8th mo. (October) 1690. Another ship, the last this summer belike, hath arrived with news of more disturbances in England. King James hath sought to regain his crown by fighting in Ireland. He hath been beaten by King William in a battle on the river Boyne, and is once more fled to France.

In England hath William Penn been again arrested and again discharged as innocent. Strange that so good a man should have such bitter enemies; for sure 'tis the work of enemies to bring ungrounded accusation against a man already twice declared innocent.

12th of 12th mo. (February) 1690–91. Brother Mordecai being now twenty-two years old, and having faithfully served his apprenticeship to Friend Janney, is returned home to our great content. 'Tis joy to see how strong and true he is, and yet withal gentle towards women, and very dutiful towards dear father.

John hath proposed that he, as well as brother John, should be joined in the merchant business, which doth still prosper well; albeit we do now hear talk of danger from French privateers. This shipping business pleases Mor-

decai well; and he hath asked John's permission to make some voyages himself next summer to the West Indies.

It may be that brother John shall go also and spend a year in Jamaica, both for the business and also for his health, which this winter is but tolerable. The cold of our Pennsylvania winter doth try him sorely, since a fever and rheum that fell on him three months since.

3rd of 1st mo. (*March*) *1691.* My dearest John is now acknowledged as a minister by the Meeting. He doth oft-times preach with power and tenderness, and hath great influence with the young. I, too, have sometimes felt the call to give a message, for my heart doth overflow at times with love to all. John and I do enjoy sweet converse together in heavenly things, and most in striving for the help and betterment of his seamen, and also for the Indians. Some of them do still come to visit us from time to time, and we have come to know them well. We do endeavor to tell them of the Heavenly Father's love in sending his Son to be our Savior. They do listen and give heed, but meseemeth they have little conscience of sin, or of the need of a Savior. One said to me the last time they were here:—"Bad white man sin—Indian very good man." We can but pray that God may convince them of sin Himself, by that great Spirit whose working in their hearts they do acknowledge.

4th of 5th mo. (*July*) 1691. One of John's ships, that came in early, is to sail again soon, and brothers Mordecai and John shall sail with her to Ja-

maica,—John to tarry there for the winter, and Mordecai to come again in her. Mordecai would fain see the world, and John saith the experience will be profitable to them both, and the climate may well be of service to brother John. He hath of late a hectic flush and a little hard cough, that doth trouble us much. Pray God may give new strength of body to this dear brother, and may his soul, too, prosper in best things.

10th of 6th mo. (August) 1691.

A letter from William Penn to father bringeth tidings of the death of that eminent servant of God, George Fox. He writes:

"Thou hast heard of our great loss of dear John Burnyeat, and Robert Lodges, one in Ireland, and t'other in England, in about the same week; and Robert Barclay, Th. Salthouse, and dearly beloved George Fox, since. He died at Henry Goulney's, by Gracious St. Meeting House, where he preached his farewell the firstday, and departed the third, at night, between nine and ten. I was with him, he earnestly recommended to me his love to you all, and said, '*William, mind poor Friends in America.*' He died triumphant over death; very easily foresaw his change; he was buried on the sixthday—like a general meeting; 2000 people at his burial—Friends and others. I was never more public than that day; I felt myself easy; he was got into his Inn, before the storm that is coming overtook him, and that night, very providentially, I escaped the messenger's hands. I shall add only that Friends have had an extraordinary time at this general meeting, so that God supplied that visible loss with his glorious presence. R. Davies there but not thy brother. In sincere love I bid thee, thy wife and family and Friends, Farewell. Thy true friend, William Penn."

So the first generation of our Society is passing away. May we, their successors, be found faithful in our day.

William Penn himself is still subject to bitter attacks and cruel slanders, and is continually thwarted in his purpose of returning to Pennsylvania.

I grieve to say that the dissensions in the Council continue, although I am well assured by my own John and others of the members that father, who now holds the Proprietor's warrant as Deputy Governor, doth fully carry out the injunction of the apostle, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in *you,* live peaceably with all men." Still the men of Delaware and East Jersey do continually oppose, and clamor of their unprotected state, etc.; yet since none is attacked, their clamor hath not much weight.

6th of 12th mo. (February) 1691–92.

A worse trouble than the dissensions in the Council hath now arisen, viz., the attacks of that erstwhile friend of ours, and of the Society, George Keith. We know not what it is that hath so changed him that now he doth bitterly attack those principles which he did formerly defend. He hath left off to teach in the school, and seemeth now to have no occupation save to heap reproaches upon Friends. This is the more to be deplored when the eyes of many are upon us, seeking to find causes of reproach and scandal.

Dear father was determined to hold back, and if possible to avoid any personal clash with G. K.; yet John saith that these past weeks is it noteworthy how G. K. doth begin to be more eager at him than any, and 'tis strange to see to what lengths he goes in his revilings, calling

father "a hypocrite,—an impudent man—a liar, with abundance of other unsavory expressions."

But thus is it more apparent that father is firmly established in the peace of God. No reproaches or bitter words pass his lips, but now that he is forced by G. K.'s public attacks to come to the front, he doth always speak to him courteously, calling him "his friend George Keith," and doth strive by every means to turn away his wrath.

3rd of 2nd mo. (April) 1692. The meeting of ministers hath been forced to issue a writing against George Keith, on account of his continued malignant attacks on Friends; and in particular upon dear father. It is a long, but very moderate and careful document, setting forth the grounds of complaint against G. K. and the steps which Friends have taken to meet his objections and bring about a reconciliation, and it is endorsed by the signatures of above two hundred leading Friends.

Truly 'tis a comfort that the most of Friends do stand together in this; yet is there a certain number that do follow G. K., and he hath even essayed to set up a separate yearly meeting with these; claiming that they alone are the true Society of Friends. But surely the bitter, vituperative, unkind spirit which he manifests, more even than the doctrines he professes, should warn any who profess to follow the Prince of Peace, not to entangle themselves with him.

This is such a time of proving for Friends as doth strongly test our religion, whether it be in word only or in deed and in truth. It may be that we here in Philadelphia were too much at ease as to the outward. There were no persecutions for righteousness' sake, but these in-

ward testings be hard to bear also, and do force us to seek help from Him that is mighty.

10th of 3rd mo. (May) 1692. Strange and perplexing reports continue to come from England. The first ships of the season bring tidings that on the 10th of March (so called), the King did by an order in Council declare that the Government of Pennsylvania was annexed to that of New York, under the administration of Colonel Fletcher. A letter has also come from William Penn, recounting his late distresses, in regard that three times he was arrested on a charge of treason against the crown, but, on being brought up for trial, he was as often discharged as innocent. Nevertheless his enemies do continually complain of the peaceable policy of Pennsylvania, and now have they prevailed to obtain the aforesaid order, whereby government is transferred to the hand of a soldier, and one who believes in arming and in fighting.

In spite of this William Penn doth still believe that his "Holy Experiment" shall be triumphant. He maintaineth that under the Great Seal of England, he is still the Proprietor of Pennsylvania, and he prays all his friends here, amongst them, of course, father (who is still, said he, Deputy Governor, until Colonel Fletcher assumes the office), to obey the crown when it speaks with the voice of the law, but in no way to surrender the rights which the charter has conferred upon him. 'Tis plain there be stormy days ahead. "But meantime," saith father, "I am determined to carry forward the Government upon the former basis, and with as much unity and good feeling as I can bring about."

6th of 4th mo. (June) 1692. We have another darling baby girl to take little Mary's empty place. She is almost a month old, and hath dark eyes and hair. John saith she will be like me, but in so young a babe one cannot tell. Johnnie and Sammy are delighted with her, and dear Margaret of course takes her to her loving heart. We call her Margaret, which is a great pleasure to *Sister* Margaret.

There is a ministering Friend lately come out of England who is now staying with us. His name is Jacob Tilner. He is truly a man of God, earnest and weighty in his ministry. His concern is to visit Friends in New England, and he hath asked my John to bear him company in this visit.

The journey to New England doth look long and perilous to me, and I cannot as yet give John up joyfully to this service. John, who is dearer far, and far more necessary to my daily living, than when we were first wedded, doth not hesitate. "The Lord," saith he, "hath so richly blessed us, that if I can help this servant of His in carrying out the concern laid upon him, I can only rejoice to do my little best."

He said this to me last night, his eyes shining with holy purpose,—yet all I could say was, "I will not stand in thy way." My heart felt heavy as lead whiles I did think upon the dreary days and weeks of their absence; and then 'tis the height of the hot weather, too; what if the children should be ill? I have wrestled in prayer, yet can I not fully say, "Thy will be done," if 'tis God's will that John should go. I will not stand in his way, but darkness broods in my soul, and the light in which I did rejoice seems quenched forever.

10th of 4th mo. (June) 1692. John is gone with Jacob Tilner; first to the yearly meeting at Burlington, and after shall they go forward to Rhode Island, Providence, Boston, and there away. I do thank God that before they left I could freely give up my dear one to the Lord's requirings, and now is the sense of Christ's presence with me so strong and so precious that in truth it doth overcome and banish the sorrow.

15th of 4th mo. (June) 1692. Lone hours have been my portion of late, yet still is the sense of Christ's presence and blessing very precious. The children are well and thus far hath there been no great heat.

30th of 4th mo. (June) 1692. Two more weeks have passed, and we are having a visitation of heat. All the babes are drooping, for 'tis mighty hard to feed them and care for them aright. Dear Margaret doth also feel the heat, in fact we all do, and when father looked in last night to see how we did, I was not surprised to hear that they had had new wranglings in the Council, and that at monthly meeting George Keith had broken out against father in a flood of vituperation that did rouse much evil feeling, and did scatter all the good that they had experienced, as the representatives did give in their reports from yearly meeting.

"'Tis the devil himself," saith father, "that loveth to make mischief, and sow dissension betwixt brethren. Yet am I vowed to overcome this evil with good, and I trust in God we may yet see that victory."

Dear father is strangely gentle these days, yet is he

strong withal, and doth firmly maintain the right. I marvel how G. K. can stand out against such loving gentleness.

2nd of 5th mo. (July) 1692. Letters from our travellers. All is well so far, and they have had good service in New York and the adjacent meetings.

John has visited his father, who is now old and enfeebled. He doth still press on in his shipping business, and thinketh it good to make gains from importing the blacks and from the firewater that brings such evil to the Indians. John saith 'twas very hard for him to carry out his duty towards his father; for he did feel it laid upon him to warn him that God was against these things. He saith his father heard him patiently and even said: "God bless you, son John, I am glad that you did follow your conscience."

Now shall John, and Friend Tilner, go forward to New England, and 'tis here that they do run a risk from the warlike Indians that be in the pay of the French. The wars are still going on in Europe, and also between the American colonies and France. How blessed are we in Pennsylvania to be freed from such terrors; and free we are, and shall remain, so long as we can resist the pressure that is ever coming upon us, to move us to arm ourselves and prepare for defence. Would that men could understand that just dealing and righteousness is the only sure defence.

But no, though they can but admit our present peace, they are filled with fears for the future. The French, say they, are working to pervert the Indians.—"The Indians have no real goodness, and will yield to bribes, and then some day, when we think not of it, will they fall upon us

and murder us all."—So do they give way to fears and suspicions, and their words do prevail to stir up the fears and suspicions of other weak-minded persons.

Yet so far our Friends do hold the majority, both in the Council and in the Assembly, and even General Blackwall, when he was Governor, could not prevail to change it. But when our new Governor is come, who can foresee what he may compass? 'Tis true that two months have passed since we did receive the news of his appointment, yet no steps are taken: yet in the end must father withdraw, and we shall again be governed by a soldier.

15th of 5th mo. (July) 1692. Though the heat is still great, our children be all troubled with rheums, and Sammy hath a sorry cough that well-nigh chokes him. Father came to see them today and talked of whooping-cough, and warned me to keep baby Margaret apart; but alack! 'tis too late for that I fear me. She hath been with them from the first, and is enrheumed already like the others. I say to myself, this is the thing that I feared; the children are sick, and John is away, yet somehow the Lord doth show himself very near, and I can rest in His loving care.

25th of 5th mo. (July) 1692. 'Tis plain that our children, Margaret, Sammy, Johnnie, and baby Margaret, all have the whooping-cough, and some of them have it badly. How blest are we in the faithful service of Trinken Bom and of Bridget. I cannot turn to Katherine Owen for she must tend little Deb, and Bessie too, for she and Mary have come for the holiday, and Bess is sick too.

News from John is good and they are turning homeward now, for Friend Tilner hath cleared himself of his mission and will take shipping from New York for home. And I do look for John's coming e'er many more days.

31st of 5th mo. (July) 1692. John came the day before yesterday, but baby Margaret was sick unto death, and he only reached home in time to see her draw the last struggling breaths. Yet must I thank God that he was here. None knoweth the comfort of his strong arm and his loving heart in such a time of need.

The other children are better, and I trust they shall all recover. I feel that I have been in the furnace again, but God's promise held, and He did not suffer the flame to kindle upon me.

7th of 7th mo. (September) 1692. Our children be all pretty well recovered from the cough; only the one little grave, and Johnnie still alone in my nursery, remind me of my lost darling.

Johnnie is five years old. He groweth tall and thin, and often asketh wise questions that I scarce know how to answer.

2nd of 9th mo. (November) 1692. Of late have we disquieting news from Jamaica where brother John hath been for the last fifteen months. His letter shows but feeble writing, and plainly is he very lonely, though he tries to write cheerfully, but father saith that in the spring shall brother Mordecai go again to him and, if it seem best, shall bring him home.

'Tis sure a melancholy thing to be sick in a strange land with none of your own at hand. Mordecai would fain start at once, but there be no ships now till spring, for the seas between this country and the Islands be most tempestuous and dangerous in the winter season.

7th of 1st mo. (March) 1693. News is come that Colonel Fletcher doth shortly purpose to come hither to assume his office of Governor. He hath before made urgent demands by letter for supplies, but as it was apparent that these supplies were to be used for military purposes, both the Council and the Assembly did refuse them. Now shall he come to make his demands in person. Father is not greatly perturbed by these things. "Let him come," saith he. "I will resign my office to him as in duty bound; but none can take from me, nor from any of us, our constitutional right to vote in the Council according to our conscience in the sight of God."

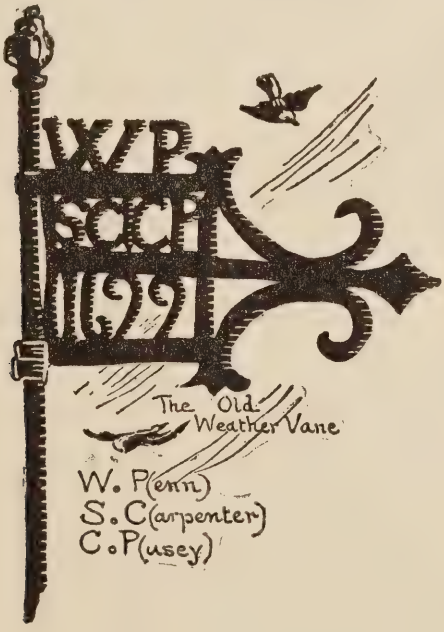
6th of 2nd mo. (April) 1693. Colonel Fletcher is here. He arrived yesterday from New York in military state and attended by a military retinue. 'Twas the first time our Quaker city had witnessed such a sight. He hath summoned the Assembly, but in several points hath ignored the requirings of the charter.

20th of 2nd mo. (April) 1693. A turbulent session of the Assembly. Colonel Fletcher hath demanded, on behalf of King William, men and money to aid in defending the frontiers of New York from the French and the Indians. The representatives petitioned that before any grant was made, their

rights and privileges under the Charter should be recognized. This the Governor finally consented to do, and then renewed his demands for a subsidy. The representatives then voted a tax of one penny in the pound, to be presented to the crown, but on condition that it should not be "dipped in blood."

Colonel Fletcher is much disappointed at his failure to obtain anything for war purposes, and now hath he writ to King William, setting forth the impossibility of obtaining a war vote from the Quakers of Pennsylvania and praying that Pennsylvania be joined into one province with New York, the Jerseys, and Connecticut, as the only way to outvote the Friends.

Having stirred up so much excitement amongst our peaceable folk, is he now departed from us and Philadelphia hath returned to its former quiet ways.



CHAPTER XX

THE STORM

15th of 4th mo. (June) 1693.

QUIET our ways would be, were it not for those fierce and virulent speeches which George Keith doth still continually fulminate against Friends, and especially against dear father, calling him all the evil names that he can devise. He hath writ also to London, accusing Friends here of many unseemly actions, insomuch that our Proprietor himself hath been sore perplexed thereabout, scarce knowing what to believe, and much pained that this quarrel, as he deems it, should occur so inopportunely and give such occasion for the enemies of truth to find new grounds of complaint against the colonists.

3rd of 5th mo. (August) 1693.

Another letter from William Penn, wherein he doth upbraid father for these dissensions. I know 'tis hard for Friends in England to distinguish the truth of these matters from the falsehoods that are diligently spread abroad; yet, I confess I did feel sore about it, and when dear father came in as usual, yester-eve, to converse a little, and told me of it, I did say to him:—

"Why is it, father, that thou who hast labored so long to promote the cause of peace and righteousness, why is it that thy labors do seem to be in vain? All these discords

in our own meetings, and these others in respect to the Government, why should such provings come upon thee?"

He sat awhile in silence, as it were in a muse, but at last he answered me somewhat as follows:—

"I cannot tell why these things should be so. Doubtless I have not always wrought in our meetings, nor yet in the Council, after a perfect way; though God knows that I have desired to follow peace with all men; yet have I often failed and come short. This I freely admit. Yet wherein I have borne a good testimony, even that hath no promise of present success in the outward. Remember, daughter Hannah, that our Lord Jesus reaped failure and bitterness and a cross; wherefore I am content to wait His time for the peaceable fruits of righteousness, which I believe that He will himself give me some day to enjoy."

John came in whilst father was speaking, and he, too, added somewhat. Now dear father hath the wisdom of his years and long experience in the things of God, but John is still young and full of the vigor of his manhood (he is but thirty-three); yet he too was for taking long looks, and would have us expect disappointments and apparent failure and not be discouraged thereat. "For," said he, "in the long run truth will triumph, and evil will be overcome."

24th of 6th mo. (August) 1693.

Three weeks ago tonight I writ those words, little thinking that that evening was the very last on which my two dear ones would sit together on our porch. The next noontime John came home sick. He had sad news from Jamaica, and at first I did think that mayhap 'twas that that made him look so wan and sickly. A letter from

brother Mordecai, brought by one of the captains, told us that our brother John was no more. 'Twas great comfort that Mordecai was with him at the last, and could tell us that all was done that was possible for his comfort. 'Twas the imposthume that did threaten before he left Philadelphia that returned upon him and fastened upon his lungs, in spite of all the boasted warmth of Jamaica. He was but twenty-one. 'Twas the first break in our "Family of Love," and we all felt it sorely, but I had little time to grieve, for John's sickness did quickly show itself serious, and soon every nerve was strained in his behalf.

Dear father called in Dr. Thomas Wynne and Dr. Owen, and they three consulted together and used every means their skill could suggest.

John himself never lost his quiet courage; as he had faced life, so he faced death, ever grasping the shield of faith; for his soul was preserved in communion with the Lord and in the faith of Christ. So he finished his course with a heart full of love to God and to his people, and then God took him away from the evil to come.

But I cannot dwell upon those days of agony. All too soon they were over, and I was left alone—alone, yet with a pulsing hope in my heart, a living legacy of John's love that was to be our joint treasure in two more months.

But the numbing blow of his death killed that treasure also. In the night after his death my pains came upon me, and a tiny seven months' baby was born—a little boy who only lived two days and then went to join his father—the fourth little child that I had given up to the hand of death. They lie beside dearest mother in that quiet corner, my five treasures; John and his four children: precious

little Mary, and baby Margaret, and these two nameless ones, our little sons that should have grown up around us in this home, now so stripped and desolate. Truly I can say with the prophet: "I am (she) that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath. He hath led me and brought me into darkness but not into light. Surely against me is He turned; He turneth His hand against me all the day."

30th of 6th mo. (August) 1693.

What shall I say? Dear Margaret has left us. 'Tis another crushing blow. Dear patient girl! Her life has been one long illness, and for her I must not grieve, for verily "to depart and be with Christ" was for her "far better." Yet 'tis a sore stripping for me that have loved her and cared for her all these years. Sammy misses her too, for, though she was not greatly older, she was ever like a mother to him. Indeed 'tis not many girls of fourteen that have such a record of loving deeds to leave behind.

Only Sammy and Johnnie are left me now, and my precious memories of the past. What do they do whose memories are bitter and heart-breaking? I, for my part, can truly say of my dearest John that he never in all our married life used to me an expression of anger or product of a disturbed mind. But O John, John, how shall I live without thee? I am not twenty-seven, and life stretches out before me in endless, hopeless vistas.

3rd of 7th mo. (September) 1693.

I had writ thus far when one came to call me to Rachel; and for two days we feared we should lose her too. Then, indeed, I did understand that I had still dear ones

left to live for. Rachel, my own "twin," my darling, precious sister, she was spared, and the tiny new life that hath come to her home, a baby girl, whom she hath named Hannah and who is to be my special pet. So much of love and tenderness is still mine.

Courage, poor heart! Thy Heavenly Father hath not forgot thee!

15th of 7th mo. (September) 1693.

We have news from New York. John's father is dead. He hath long been ailing and he passed away on the 20th of last month. They had told him of the death of my dearest love, whereat he lay for a good while in a muse, and said to one that told him, "Is he dead, that was so young and strong, that was so true and good? Gone before me that am old and full of sin.—O God, that I had listened to him when he did plead with me a year ago."

Upon the minister saying that it was not yet too late, that he was still upon praying ground, he turned away with a groan; but after that they heard him many times calling on God to have mercy on his soul, and whereas he had been a profane man, his language was changed now; prayers took the place of curses; yet was there no clear light, but some hope I have, that the prayers of my beloved one were not forgotten before God, and that father and son are together now forever.

But here on earth is there ever new cause for anxiety. Sammy is ill. He is never strong, and mayhap I have not watched over him so closely during these hurried weeks. The weather hath been hotter even than common, and he hath sorely missed dear Margaret. Once I did hear him sobbing on his bed, and 'twas long e'er I could quiet him.

A boy of ten is not like a little child, he hath his reserves of growing manhood and will not readily yield to woman's comforting.

But Sam is ill. Father says 'tis the malarial vapors of autumn, for today hath he had an aguish chill, and now doth he burn with fever.

19th of 7th mo. (September) 1693.

Another bad chill yesterday. 'Tis the tertian ague. They have bled him twice. Poor boy, he had not much blood to spare, and now he lieth weak and spent. Father doth greatly fear that another chill would be fatal. The day after tomorrow is my birthday, and all the memories of dearest mother, and of Sammy's coming into the world, do flood my soul. Have I been faithful to the charge she gave me? Can I give her back her boy with a pure heart, if God should call him? He ever talked more freely with dear Margaret than with me, for no doubt he deemeth me too old to understand his boyish fancies. I did crave some word of assurance, so today I said to him, as I was settling him for the night, "There dear, thou art more comfortable in thy body, but tell me, how is it with thy soul?"

He looked up with that same earnest gaze that I remember when, as a babe, he lay in such sore sickness, and said: "Sister Hannah, Jesus is holding my hand, and sister Margaret is calling me. I cannot stay here." With that he fell asleep, and I am writing this at his bedside with a heavy heart. What will tomorrow bring forth?

22nd of 7th mo. (September) 1693.

The ague returned yesterday morning in a strong fit. Dear father was here, and sister Rachel came, and Mary. Poor boy, 'twas hard to bear, but he was very pa-

tient. Father held him tight though tears were dropping from his eyes on Sammy's head. (Father is ever very tender with his children.) The day was hot, and we did use divers hot bricks, warming-pans, etc., but to no avail. Our darling boy ceased to shiver, but there was no returning warmth; his pulse sank away, and at noon he died in father's arms, just one day short of ten years old.

Dearest mother hath her baby boy again; and I am assured that, as he said, Jesus was holding his hand and leading him safely home.

28th of 7th mo. (September) 1693.

Now that Mary is at home, and Bess and Deb be both at Lewistown, I did propose that Katherine Owen should dwell here with me this winter, for in truth I am bitterly lonely though I still have my precious Johnnie; all that remains of my home. And dear father cometh oft and telleth me of all that doth befall.

George Keith hath sailed for England, purposing to bring his charges in person before English Friends. This doth not much trouble father, yet is he sore troubled because, saith he, "I did not overcome his evil with good. I did verily strive thereto, but it seemeth that I have failed." Even as he spake, our Friend Hugh Roberts was at the door, who, coming in, and hearing the discouragement in father's voice, did straightway answer:—"Thou hast not failed," saith he, "for though that sorry apostate, George Keith, be not reached, yet, Thomas Lloyd, I would have thee know that thy Christ-like patience, and long-suffering meekness, hath not been wasted, for it hath

worked powerfully with all Friends that were witnesses of it, and 'tis my belief that not a man amongst us can lay to thy charge as much as a hasty word, or unsavory expression, in all the discourse that ye had together from first to last."

Father looked up and smiled and pressed Hugh Roberts' friendly hand.

1st of 8th mo. (October) 1693. A new anxiety hath arisen; and now 'tis Johnnie that is sick, and his sickness is very sore. O Lord, spare him to me! I cannot let him go! I *cannot* say, "Thy will be done," for him to die,—my own, my precious one; the last of my children; the only thing that is left to me of John! "I cry and shout, but He shutteth out my prayer, and there is no answer when I cry."

Father is almost as troubled as I am, but it seemeth that none can help. Johnnie, who but yesterday was full of life, is burning up with fever and crying out in bitter pain.

7th of 8th mo. (October) 1693. 'Tis all over, and I have laid my darling in that graveyard corner that is growing to be so full of graves. My heart is cold and dead. There seems no feeling left. God hath forgotten to be gracious, for "Thou hast removed my soul far off from peace; I forgot prosperity, and I said, my strength and my hope is perished from the Lord. . . . Thou hast slain, Thou has not pitied. Thou hast covered Thyself with a cloud that our prayer should not pass through."

4th of 10th mo. (December) 1693.

Two months today since my darling went away, and four months since dearest John left me, and I am still here. I did not die. The seasons come and go; 'twas summer then, now 'tis winter, and snow is on their graves. Summer and winter, day and night, and we must eat and sleep, and rise up and lie down, even whilst the heart is breaking. When Johnnie went, I seemed to be shut in by thick darkness as of a low dungeon. Still I cried to the Lord, but it was as though a roof closed over my head and shut in my cry. I could not live without God, so I did continually cry unto Him, and days went by, I know not how many, but *one* day a word of hope came through the darkness. Then I cried, "O Lord, Thou hast heard my voice; hide not Thine ear at my breathing, at my cry. Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee; Thou saidst, Fear not."

What a word of hope was that—"Fear not."—That word is enough, and in the strength of that word I am living now.

10th of 1st mo. (March) 1694.

Since my dearest went away, and brother John died in Jamaica, is brother Mordecai left alone in the shipping business. He came back to find himself the only one left of the three partners, and he saith to me, "Never fear, Sister, I will manage all for thee, and carry forward brother John's concerns."

Mordecai is a good brother, but he hath a restless spirit that ever loves to roam. Last night he cometh to consult with me anent a certain voyage that he would fain make in the springtime to the Island of Madeira, to purchase

coffee and currants, for which that island is famous.

I told him 'twould be a great comfort to dear father, seeing he hath lost two of his sons and the third is so far distant in England, if his fourth son could settle down at home, and take to himself a good wife, and found a family. Mordecai is most five and twenty, and to my thinking it is high time he gave thought to a settlement. Yet I know that he had turned his mind to a certain young Friend who did not encourage his advances, and thereafter hath he no liking for maidens. "Give me time, sister Nan," saith he, "I cannot turn so quick from one to another. When I return from this voyage, perchance I shall settle down."

So when the spring opens will Mordecai leave us again.

Mary is grown to be a sweet bright maiden of twenty. and she is sought in marriage by a young Friend named Isaac Norris, who is newly come from Jamaica, where our brothers did first make his acquaintance, he being engaged in the same line of business. All do speak highly of him, and I trust he shall prove a good husband for dear Mary.

20th of 3rd mo. (May) 1694.

Mary is married; and Mordecai's ship hath sailed. Letters out of England tell us that George Keith hath made many and grievous charges against Friends here, but his bitter spirit doth not commend him to those whose favor he seeketh to win. William Penn hath written very lovingly to dear father, and doth seem to better understand his position towards G. K.; mayhap because he hath now seen G. K. and taken note of his contentious spirit.

I am glad that it is so, for these contentions, and the estrangements that have come from some of our old

friends in consequence, have been very grievous and painful to dear father.

William Penn is still striving to recover his province and hath some hopes of succeeding, albeit his principle against fighting doth stand in his way with the present government.

16th of 4th mo. (June) 1694. Father came in last evening looking so white and spent that I was frighted. At first he could scarcely speak, but did presently tell me that news is come that the ship in which brother Mordecai sailed is lost, with all on board save four that were saved as by a miracle, being picked up after floating many days on a raft made from boards of the ship.

It is a terrible blow, Mordecai gone! His eldest son, "the crown of his pride!" Gone—with no farewell spoken; no one left to bear his name or carry on his line!

20th of the 5th mo. (July) 1694. I do marvel to note how father hath borne this latest sorrow. True he hath lost his firm elastic step, and goeth now with bowed head and the slow step of an old man (he is not yet fifty-four), but in spirit is he as lively and strong as ever, and when he preacheth in the meeting, meseemeth his word is with power. He hath verily entered into the experience of the cross and knoweth now how Christ's followers do gain the victory, "for they follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Yesterday he did take for his text the words of Christ. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

25th of 6th mo. (August) 1694.

There is much sickness in the town; a malignant fever, brought hither by the seamen. The doctors be kept busy, and father being no longer occupied with the affairs of Government, hath found it laid upon him to go again amongst the sick. I did reason with him this morning, telling him that his life is too valuable to us all to be thus risked.

"Nay, daughter," saith he, "that is not like thee to say it; our lives are of no value at all save to do the will of the Lord. The Lord did not spare Himself in His ministering to the poor and needy ones, and I must work His works whilst it is called today, for the night cometh."

Dear father, I kissed him heartily as he went forth, and felt that he is dearer now than ever.

6th of 7th mo. (September) 1694.

The blow has fallen!—Yesterday cometh a messenger from mother to tell me that father is ill. 'Tis the malignant fever that he hath catched from one of his patients. I came to him at once, and did thank God that I can stay and nurse him, for there is no one at home to whom I might carry the infection.

9th of 7th mo. (September) 1694.

The fatal date is drawing near now, but I doubt if father will live to see it. The fever is most strong and cruel. The doctors have let him blood several times but still it rageth fiercely.

Today some Friends coming in to see him, he roused himself with an effort and said,

"Friends, I love you all. I am going from you, and I

die in love and unity with all faithful Friends. I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith which stands not in words but in the power of God: I have fought, not for strife and contention, but for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the simplicity of the gospel. I lay down my head in peace, and desire you may all do so."

10th of 7th mo. (September) 1694.

Today, being the sixth day of his sickness, it pleased the Lord to remove him from the many trials, temptations, sorrows and troubles of this world, to the kingdom of everlasting joy and peace.

He bade us all farewell and gave his last kiss to mother, who sat beside him and did hold his hand. To me he said: "Daughter, be of good cheer, our Lord hath overcome the world." Then he closed his eyes, and went to sleep with a smile on his face, like a little wearied child.

CHAPTER XXI

FIVE YEARS LATER

6th mo. (August) 1699.

I HAD not thought to write again in this book, for truly my last writing, concerning the death of my beloved father, was made with a sorrowful spirit, and to me it seemed that nothing any more could have a living interest for me.

My dearest John was dead, and Mordecai, and darling Margaret and Sammy; and all my children; not one of those who had filled my home was left, and what was there any more for me to do? Only the dear memories of the past remained; but even those, it seemed, must be taken from me; for all the partners being dead, John's business must needs be wound up and concluded; and this occupied me some few months; but since neither brother John nor Mordecai left any descendants, there was no one to settle for save myself, so were those matters soon concluded.

Then mother having decided to return to New York, to her own children; and Mary being married; and Bess and Deb both at Lewistown School; it seemed best to close up dear father's house on Fourth and Chestnut Streets, and for the two girls to share my home in their holidays. Katherine Owen who hath been ever a faithful friend, consented to abide with me in my lonely estate.

Dear Rachel, with her two lovely children and her good

husband, was not far away; and Mary had a beautiful home of her own; and an ever increasing family.

Brother Thomas, in England, now nearly twenty, was still kindly cared for by our uncle John, and had no desire to come to the new world.

Dear father's work for our Proprietor seemed finished, too, for, as before said, the Province had been taken from William Penn in 1692, and Colonel Fletcher, of New York, was our governor, with Colonel Markham as his deputy; yet strenuous efforts were not wanting on the part of William Penn to obtain a reversal of that decision, and in fact, at the very time of dear father's death, King William was restoring Pennsylvania to William Penn; one of the conditions being that Colonel Fletcher's deputy should be continued in that office. I grieved much thereat, for I felt that dear father's long painful labors had been for naught, and now should we, by William Penn's own consent, be left in the hands of Colonel Markham, albeit he knew him to be far otherwise minded in all highest things. But in this I did wrong our good Proprietor, for when the news of father's death reached England, he took measures forthwith that "the civil affairs of the Province should be in the hands of those more suitable to the mind and improvement of the colony," by appointing for that purpose our two Friends, John Goodson and Samuel Carpenter.

This was some comfort, and though we that loved him best missed our father sorely, in all matters that pertained to our meetings, as well as in our own family, yet to others, mayhap, things seemed to go forward well and prosperously; only we all longed for the promised return, so long delayed, of our worthy Proprietor.

But in those sad years of my bereavement the Lord did not forsake me; and sometimes was I constrained to testify to His goodness in the public assembly. In such service was I closely united in spirit to my dearest John, and to dear father, in whose hearts the good of Friends, and the prosperity of our meetings, had ever held first place. Great comfort, too, had Katherine Owen and I in opening our home to ministering Friends who came amongst us from abroad; and sometimes I felt called to travel with such Friends to help them in their service. Once I made the journey to New England, with an English ministering Friend, Sarah Clarke, and did tarry, in passing through New York, to see mother, and also to make acquaintance of my dearest John's brother and sisters.

So the years passed, and Bess and Deb left school, and my home was not so empty, nor my heart, for in that valley of darkness through which I had passed, the Lord had come so near that I could truly say, "*Thy* rod and Thy staff they comfort me"; and sometimes my cup did indeed run over, and there was a blessing for others to share.

And now at last, after many weary delays, shall our Proprietor come amongst us once more. His first wife is dead, in 1694, also his eldest son, Springett, who was a truly pious youth of great promise. Since, is he married again, and now his purpose being to take up his residence in Pennsylvania, shall his new wife, Hannah Callowhill, accompany him, and likewise his older daughter, Letitia.—

James Harrison must engage servants and make ready the great house at Pennsbury, which was not yet finished when William Penn left us so many years agone. How

well I remember that day, and all the turmoil that ensued about young Phil Lemain's carelessness and the New York papers that were left behind.

As I look back on John and myself as we were that day, it seems impossible that I, the staid, serious Hannah Delaval, thirty-three years old come next month, can be the same Nancy Lloyd that was so tossed by hopes and fears and newborn love in that long past time. Now William Penn is coming back, nay, by this time hath he perchance already left England, and 'tis certain a warm welcome awaits him.

16th of 7th mo. (September) 1699.

There is much sickness in the town. 'Tis yellow fever, said to have been brought hither by the sailors, but 'tis grown very prevalent, so that six, seven, and sometimes eight persons are dying every day. There hath been question whether our yearly meeting, which was to begin tomorrow, should be adjourned; but Friends considered that till the meeting was come together, they had no power to adjourn, though 'twas thought well to discourage the great number of young people that usually come to town on these occasions; and such only to come as were necessarily concerned in the service of the meetings, because of the great infection.

But there are two English Friends, Thomas Story and his companion Roger Gill, that have arrived last night from Burlington, with a concern to attend the yearly meeting, and moreover to visit and comfort the hearts of Friends under the prevailing sickness.

Thomas is a man of forty, strong and full of faith; and Roger Gill, a somewhat younger man, hath a wife and

children in old England. They are both at our house, and we are truly glad of their company. They seem to have no fear of the pestilence, but their desire is to be useful to those that are sick and dying, so are they continually on the street or in the homes of the sufferers.

22nd of 7th mo. (September) 1699.

The yearly meeting is over. All circumstances considered, it was large; and the Lord so evidently appeared with us, that there was no room left for doubt, but that it was His will we should hold our meeting and serve God therein, as well in times of adversity and affliction, as in prosperity and less seeming danger. Our English Friends were a great comfort, for both of them were so stayed and settled in the Lord that we gained courage from them. In the closing meeting Roger Gill kneeled and prayed that "if the Lord would accept his life as a sacrifice, he freely offered it up for the people, that a stop might be put to the contagion." And although I cannot believe that the Lord requires or calls for such sacrifices, yet was it a manifest proof to us of his great love and concern for Friends, whom he had come so far to see. 'Tis noteworthy that during this week there hath no fresh case of fever been reported.

26th of 7th mo. (September) 1699.

Roger Gill is sick. All the symptoms of the disorder are upon him, yet thus far is it not a severe case. Thomas Story seemeth to be more troubled than Roger, for the two have been closely united in their service, having already visited Friends, from Carolina to New England. Thomas hath meetings appointed in Jersey, and today is

he departed, under great heaviness of spirit on account of his friend; but Katherine and I promised that he should want for nothing, and, indeed, so far is he pretty easy and comfortable, only his mind will be dwelling on his wife and children; and indeed, poor man, 'tis no wonder, seeing they are so far away.

29th of 7th mo. (September. 1699.

Thomas Story hath returned from Jersey, and now is he intending for Maryland, to attend their general meeting to be held next week. Roger Gill is very ill and seemeth to crave the company of his friend, which makes it hard for Thomas to leave him, yet he saith to me tonight: "The Lord hath showed me clearly that I must go to the Maryland yearly meeting, and the concern for it doth strongly continue; besides I know that ye will do all that can be done for his bodily needs; therefore am I minded to go forward in that service, and leave the issue in the hands of the Lord."

Brother Isaac Norris hath offered to accompany Thomas, and in a few days must they set forward.

1st of 8th mo. (October) 1699.

Our patient continues very ill, but yesterday he parted from his friend, who wept sore at leaving him, yet was comforted because Roger bade him Godspeed and signified that he was fully willing to let him go.

I am strangely drawn to this young man. He is so patient, and doth so gratefully accept our services; also I can so well understand his feelings for his family, and can enter into the suffering of his poor wife and children. I

seem, in ministering to him, to live over again the week of John's sore sickness.

4th of 8th mo. (October) 1699. Today have we closed the eyes of poor Roger Gill. Yet why should I call him poor? I am satisfied he hath obtained a crown of everlasting peace with the Lord; and his memory will be precious with us in Philadelphia, where many hearts have been tendered by him and souls comforted. May the Lord uphold him and his family with that same comfort.

4th of 9th mo. (November) 1699. The fever hath quite disappeared; and now is there great expectation of the coming of our Proprietor; indeed we had thought to have welcomed him e'er this, but in the winter season is there ofttimes delay from contrary winds.

28th of 9th mo. (November) 1699. Tonight cometh my friend Richard Hill, to tell me that they have word that the ship "Canterbury," with William Penn and his family on board, is in the river, and that Caleb Pusey, and other of the members of Council from those parts, be gone to Chester to welcome the Governor upon his landing. Richard Hill is a good friend of mine, and of late have we been much drawn to each other. I love his generous temper and his firm manly spirit, and in his zeal for the reputable order of our Society doth he strongly remind me of dear father; albeit Richard is a much younger man, being yet but eight-and-twenty

years old. He was born at South River in Maryland, soon after the arrival of his father and mother, who emigrated from England in 1673. His father, also named Richard, was a sea-captain, and his son has been brought up to the sea, but hath of late made his home in Philadelphia, and when on shore he hath been often at our house. 'Tis mighty good to hear again a man's voice speaking of the sea, and the trading with the Barbadoes and Jamaica, etc. And in truth I do sometimes feel as though my dearest John were come again, for Richard is just the age that John was when he died.

29th of 9th mo. (November) 1699. Katherine's father, Dr. Griffith Owen, hath gone to meet the Governor; they say he shall land today or tomorrow. No marvel the Province is moved. 'Tis fifteen years since he left us, yet doth the recollection of his goodness, and of his pleasant ways, persist amongst our Friends, and the story of it hath been repeated so oft amongst us that new comers who never knew him, or who perchance have seen him in England since he went from here, do all alike desire his coming.

3rd of 10th mo. (December) 1699. William Penn landed at Chester on the first of this month, where many were gathered to welcome him; but an untoward accident cast a gloom over the occasion, for some young men did, contrary to the express orders of the magistrates, attempt to fire two small pieces of cannon, whereby one of them, designing to fire another shot, without waiting till the gun had been

cleansed, the charge exploded, and shot his left arm and hand to pieces.—A surgeon being sent for, and Dr. Owen assisting, they judged it necessary to amputate the arm without delay.

5th of 10th mo. (December) 1699.

This day we have welcomed our Governor. He came in his barge from Chester and was met at the waterside by many Friends and others. His wife and daughter went straight to Edward Shippen's house, where they will lodge for the present, but it being Firstday, and near the time for the afternoon meeting, William Penn himself came to the meeting, a great crowd attending, and there did he speak to us with his accustomed power, and afterwards, praying, concluded the meeting. Now I, albeit I was eager to welcome the Governor, had felt a stop in my mind from going with the crowd to the water's edge; but when meeting was ended, Rachel and Mary, Bess and Deb, standing with me, one said to William Penn that these were the daughters of Thomas Lloyd. So he presently came to us and greeted us warmly, especially Rachel and me, saying: "Can it be that these are the daughters of my ancient and dear friend? Can these be the maidens whom I remember fifteen years ago?" Then to me he said: "Thy father hath been sorely missed in the affairs of the Government." And then looking around, as though seeking somewhat, he went on: "But where is thy brother, the lad who did accompany us in the Indian walk?" The tears started to my eyes at this sudden reminder of brother Mordecai, as I told him that he was drowned at sea. "Aye, now I remember," said he. "For-

give me for my maladroitness. I heard of your bereavements, but sorrow was pressing on my house, too, at that time, and I had forgotten."

'Tis hard to put into words the sense of comfort and well-being that hath come to us all with the presence of our Governor. The highest terms that I could use would hardly give an idea of the glad expectation and warm welcome that he hath received from almost everyone. I think we all concluded that with his coming an end would be put to all our difficulties in the Government; and that the Province now scarce wanted anything to render it completely happy.

10th of 11th mo. (January) 1699–1700.

A month of happy intercourse with our Governor and his family. They be settled now in a house between Chestnut and Walnut Streets, very near to ours, so that Katherine and I have seen much of Hannah Penn and Letitia. Hannah Penn is a good woman. She hath an excellent spirit, well fitted to adorn her station. They are looking forward now to the birth of their first child; she is in good health and we trust there shall no mischance befall to cloud their happiness.

Letitia Penn is of the same age as our Bess, a maid of twenty-two. She cometh oft hither to visit my sisters, but I do find her mind somewhat empty and set upon the pleasures of this world. She deemeth that by her father's troubles she hath been unduly deprived of these. Also she liketh not overmuch the thought of continuing long in this "wilderness" of Pennsylvania. Such thoughts are strange to Bess and Deb, who know no other life but this, and have ever been happy and contented therein.

William Penn seemeth much older, more so than his fifty-six years do warrant. Yet when one thinks upon all the suspicions and enmities, the private sorrows, and the political troubles that have been his lot, one cannot wonder that the years have left their mark. Yet I do not find that his spirit is broken, or his zeal in the Lord's service one whit abated. He is under a deep concern for the well-being of Friends here, and will lose no occasion to attend our meetings, and exhort to faithfulness and earnestness.

10th of 12th mo. (February) 1699–1700. Today was born a little son to our Proprietor. Mother and babe are well, and there is much rejoicing at his birth. He is to be called John.

20th of 1st mo. (March) 1700. The Governor hath removed his family to Pennsbury, which is a great loss to me of Hannah Penn's society. The more I see of her the more I admire her character. She is truly a wonder for her humility and freedom, and for her sweetness and goodness. In short, I love her and do miss my daily intercourse with her, and the pleasure of little Johnnie, who is a lovely babe, and minds me of my own darling Johnnie.

But they are gone; and now shall my friend Richard Hill leave us also, being bound on a voyage to Barbadoes, which must occupy some months at the least. Why do I dread this voyage so sorely? Is it the uncertainty of the sea; the fear of privateers; the remembrance of brother Mordecai? Richard Hill is no kin to us, yet hath his friendship been very pleasant, and in these last months hath life once more seemed desirable. Yet I must consider that when one is thirty-four, 'tis not pleasure and

ease that one should seek, but rather the spending of those years that remain in God's service, and according to His will.—So that be done I will be content.

10th of 3rd mo. (May) 1700.

Richard is gone. His ship has sailed. He came last night to take his leave, and did hold my hand at parting, yet he said naught save "God be with thee, Hannah, and keep thee." He is young and strong, and hath many interests in life. I trow he hath no thought of a settlement; yet for aught I know his mind may even now be set upon some younger woman. Well, an it be so I must not grudge it. I will strive to pray God's blessing on him and his whereso'er he be.

6th of 5th mo. (July) 1700. Pennsbury.

The summer heats are upon us, and Hannah Penn hath prayed us to come to her at Pennsbury. Truly the air is fresher here than in Philadelphia, for though William Penn did purpose to make Philadelphia a "green garden city," yet are his wise plans frustrated by the common greed of men who seek to enrich themselves in the present, and take no care for the future. So already, in that lower part of the city where our house is, do buildings begin to crowd, and our pure forest air is a thing of the past. This is a beauteous spot. 'Tis on the Delaware River, four miles from Bristol, and standeth high, with outlook over the shining water. The front hath a handsome verandah, or as it is now called, a porch, where we do ofttimes sit at evening to enjoy the breeze. Within is a great hall where we generally dine, for the Governor hath many visitors, coming and going, and all are welcome.

There is also a smaller hall, with three withdrawing rooms. There be four bedchambers above, and as many in the garrets, all furnished with beds, hangings, etc. One great convenience I must note, namely a tank or cistern on the roof, to hold water, whereby we have at all times an abundance of pure water without any pumping or going forth of the house for it. This is a great and notable improvement.

The Governor hath been much away. He saith to me last night, "I do take it mighty kind of thee and Katherine to give us your company at this time. 'Tis much for Hannah's comfort, for in thee she hath found a friend, and one that can feel with her in many things whereinto I, being older, cannot so well enter. I must away again today to confer with the Chiefs of the Angonquins, and when that is ended, I would fain be at the quarterly meeting at Burlington; so should Hannah and Tishe be much alone here but for your coming."

"Tishe," as her father calls her, is weary already of "the wilderness"; and indeed for a young maid 'tis somewhat lonesome; especially if there be not much call upon her for real work. Work that *must* be done is a mighty safeguard against megrims and low spirits.

16th of 6th mo. (August) 1700.

If work be good, now shall we have abundance. The Governor hath returned, and hath told us that he hath bidden the Indians to a banquet, and all to be in readiness for the third day. So now 'tis all hands to the task—there be turkeys to pluck, and vegetables of many sorts to prepare; venison, and hams, and mutton also, and pasties of our own fruits. Hannah Penn is a good provider. She will have no stint; and truly when one has once

seen an Indian eat, one knows that a hundred turkeys are not too many to provide when a party of them has been bidden. We shall set the long table from the great hall for fifty guests in the poplar avenue. If more come they can be served under the trees. 'Twill be a noble feast, and we hope no storm or thunder gust, as often happens at this season, shall mar its success.

23rd of 6th mo. (August) 1700. The Indians have left us after two days of feasting. The hundred turkeys were picked clean, and much venison and pork, with abundance of hams, were consumed besides. The Governor spake to them with all his accustomed kindliness, as to brothers and men with like feelings, children of one common Father. He strove hard to give them an understanding of Christ's message and power, yet is it now as formerly most difficult to reach them with the thought of a Savior, for they feel no need of one.

29th of 6th mo. (August) 1700. The last two days a storm hath raged. We are glad that it came not till the Indians were departed.

From Pennsbury we do look abroad upon the waters of the Delaware, and though 'tis many miles from the bay, yet in these fierce winds are they lashed to rage. I cannot but think of Richard. If this voyage hath sped as he hoped, he should by this time be nearing the Capes; and last night, as the roaring of the winds did keep sleep from my eyes, I thought of his little vessel on the raging deep. May God protect him in that peril.

30th of 6th mo. (August) 1700.

I had scarcely writ those words when one came to tell me that Richard Hill was come, and would fain speak with me.

He was standing in the little withdrawing room. Mayhap because of my recent fears, I looked upon him with more affection than common. At all rates he gave me one look straight in the eyes, and then, emboldened, it seemed, by what he saw there, he began to speak. "Hannah," saith he, "I can no longer keep silence. I have waited, thinking myself no fitting mate for thee with thy larger experience of life; yet I do believe that we are joined in spirit, and I would fain pour out my heart's love to comfort and protect thee."

He took me so by surprise that I could hide nothing from him. Indeed, 'twas from myself I had been seeking to hide how much I loved him and, for sake of John and the dear memories of the past, to stifle the growing passion of my heart. It all came over me again as though it had happened yesterday—the desolation and the loneliness when John went—and I sank down by the table and could only weep. Yet in that moment the thought came that John was now in the land of love, and if this new love were verily from God, it would not injure or impair our old first love, but would rather increase it. I seemed to see that John would not desire me to spend my life in loneliness for his sake, but that as in heaven we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, so in God is there such an overflowing love that all souls will be united in each other in Him.

So Richard and I are promised in marriage; and albeit it is very strange for me to think of finding happiness

again in a home and a husband of my own, yet the sense of God's blessing rests upon us, and we do believe that our home shall be to His glory.

3rd of 7th mo. (September) 1700.

Hannah Penn hath given us her heartfelt sympathy. "Dear heart," she saith, "it is truly joy to me to see thee happy. Think not that thou art old. Methinks today thy eye is as bright and thy cheek as fresh as of yore—indeed, thou and Richard are a goodly pair. When I see you together I feel that this is of the Lord. Ye shall be true helpmeets one of another in Him."

The Governor smiled when we told him, and said to me, "Well done, Nancy, 'tis the old blooming Nancy come back to us. 'The Lord hath turned again thy captivity like the streams in the south.' When ye fix the day give me due notice, for I must be there as one of your witnesses."

They have prayed Richard to tarry a few days, and truly this is a delightsome spot for such a time. The noble river and the forest-clad hills in their ever varying beauty seem made for our enjoyment. William Penn, on his first visit, did lay out walks in the forest, with vistas looking down the river, and upward to the falls, and here are we free to wander and to rest, in that sweet fellowship of spirit that makes us one in the Lord. We know that the future will not be all joy, but as we look forward we can truly say with the Psalmist, "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

THE END

APPENDIX

I have gleaned some of the facts in the life of my heroine from the Memorial issued after her death by the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia. It may interest the reader to see these parts of the old document:—

"Our worthy and much esteemed friend, Hannah Hill, wife of Richard Hill, and daughter of Thomas Lloyd (formerly governor of this province), by Mary, the daughter of Gilbert Jones of Welshpool was born in Montgomeryshire, North Wales at the seat of her ancestors, called Dolobran, the 21st of the seventh month 1666. She was a woman highly favored of the Lord, possessed of many excellent Christian virtues, as well as natural accomplishments.

"Coming over into this country with her parents, when young; soon after their arrival it pleased the Lord to remove her pious mother by death, when the care of the younger children devolved upon her. This close trial in the earlier part of her time was abundantly sanctified to her; for her mind being engaged to seek the Lord for her portion and her father's God for the lot of her inheritance, He was graciously pleased, not only to favor her with the knowledge of Himself and the enjoyment of His living presence in the days of her youth, but also made her a singular instrument of good, and a blessing to her father's family. As she grew in years, her conspicuous virtue joined with a courteous deportment, justly gained the esteem and favor of most if not all with whom she conversed.

"Being earnestly solicited in marriage by John Delaval, who though a worthy man, was not at that time of the same religious communion, she, by her prudent conduct and pious

resolution to maintain the principles she professed, without deviating therefrom in a matter of such importance, did not agree thereto; until he, after some time, embraced the truth in sincerity of heart and bore his cross like a humble follower of Christ; he received a gift in the ministry, and continued faithful therein to his death. Concerning whom she gave this testimony, viz. 'That he never used to her an expression of anger or product of a disturbed mind.' The decease of her said husband proved to her a time of deep probation, she having been heard to say, that in eight weeks she lost eight of her family by death, beginning with the death of her beloved husband, and ending with that of her only (surviving) child. Under which afflicting circumstances, as well as what attended her the remaining part of her life (of which she had a large share), she approved herself a shining example of patience in tribulation, and a meek humble self-denying follower of Christ.

"In the affluent station wherein divine Providence had placed her, her benevolent disposition was conspicuous in administering to the necessities of the indigent, her charity not being limited to those of her own profession. She was a true servant of the church, and in the sense of the Apostle's expression, 'one that washed the saints' feet' receiving with joy into her house the messengers and ministers of the gospel, for whom her love was great. The low, the poor, and the mean were the objects of her peculiar care.

"In her younger years, she received a gift in the ministry, which she retained with faithfulness to the end, and though not large in her appearances, yet with great modesty and soundness of expression, 'her doctrine dropped as the dew and distilled as the small rain,' and was therefore truly acceptable. She travelled in the service of the gospel to New England and divers other parts of this continent, and was also concerned for the good order and discipline of the church; having for a number of years, served in the station of clerk of the

women's monthly, quarterly and yearly meetings, wherein she gave satisfaction."

NOTES ON CHAPTER I

Page 17. "And the women burned." Copied *verbatim* from the *Journal of Richard Davies,* pp. 92, 93.

Page 18. "This new Bishop." Copied almost *verbatim* from the *Journal of Richard Davies,* pp. 98, 99. This Bishop Lloyd was one of the seven Bishops who in 1688 were sent to the Tower for refusing to obey King James.

Page 19. "Through the West country." See Janney's *Life of William Penn,* Chap. XIII. Letter from William Penn, September 4th., 1781.

Page 19. "New Wales." See Janney's *Life of Penn,* Chap. XII. Letter from William Penn to Robert Turner. "This day my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania; *a name the king would give it* in honour of my father. I chose New Wales, being, as this, a pretty hilly country."

NOTES ON CHAPTER III

Page 33. "Captain Wasey." See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia,* Vol. I, p. 517. "Thomas Lloyd with his wife and eight children left England about the 4th. mo. 20th. 1683 (O. S.) in the ship 'America,'—Captain Wasey."

Page 34. "With the Commissioners on board." See Smith's *New Jersey,* Chap. VI, p. 93. "The Commissioners came in the 'Kent'; Gregory Marlow, Master; being the second ship from London to the Western parts. King Charles the second in his barge pleasuring on the Thames, came alongside, seeing a great many passengers, and informed whence they were bound asked if they were all Quakers and gave them his blessing."

NOTES ON CHAPTER IV

Page 37. " 'Twas in that hour of fear." See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia,* Vol. I, pp. 517, 518. Quotations from letters of Pastorius to daughters of Thos. Lloyd on anniversaries of arrival in Penna.

NOTES ON CHAPTER V

Page 42. "And did earnestly pray." See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia, Vol. I,* "The *Primitive Settlement,*" p. 35. "Thomas Lloyd's wife is said to have kneeled down on the shore of the Delaware, immediately on landing, and to have prayed fervently for the blessing of heaven on the future colony, and that her descendants in America might always constitute a *Family of Love.*"

Page 43. "At the corner of two streets." See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia,* Vol. I, *"The Banks,"* p. 476. The Cross Keys' Inn, formerly Governor Lloyd's dwelling, was "an antiquated house, with double hipped roof—fronting on Fourth Street, having a range of stables. It had a heavy brick portico at the front door, and the house stood out far upon Chestnut Street pavement."

See also p. 409: "By mistake of original surveys it had been built out four feet upon the Chestnut Street side."

Also p. 374: "All this neighborhood was long deemed rural and out of town; only two other houses and families of note were near it." The house of "Thomas Lloyd, once Governor, was on the North East corner of Chestnut and Third Streets."

Page 43. "Shelter in one of the caves." See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia,* Vol. I, *"The Caves,"* p. 171. An original paper is in John Johnson's family, of the year 1683, which is an instrument concerning a division of certain lands and "executed and witnessed in the cave of Francis Daniel Pastorius, Esq."

Page 46. "Father chose the south-west corner." See Watson's

Annals of Philadelphia, Vol. I, *"Churches,"* p. 449. "The first person ever interred in the Arch Street ground was Governor Lloyd's wife. She was a very pious woman. William Penn himself spoke at her grave—much commending her character. She was interred in the S. W. corner of the ground, of which W. Penn gave a deed to her family in perpetuity."

Page 46. Market and Chestnut Streets were originally called High and Wynne.

NOTES ON CHAPTER VI

Page 50. "For two hours wrote diligently." See Bowden's *History of Friends in America,* anno 1675–6, Chap. XVI.

Page 53. "Taminen and Metamequin." Particulars taken from Janney's *Life of Penn,* pp. 218, 219.

NOTES ON CHAPTER VII

Page 58. "The winter hath set in." The winter of 1683 Penn called "the severest known before." Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia,* Vol. II, *"Seasons and Climate,"* p. 347.

NOTES ON CHAPTER IX

Page 72. "Young Philip Lemain." See Janney's *Life of Penn,* Chap. XVIII. Letter from William Penn to J. Harrison: "Phil Lemain has, most carelessly, left behind the York papers that Thomas Lloyd brought, and should have come as the ground and very strength of my coming: so that I am now here with my fingers in my mouth. He would not have done me a worse injury, nor balked a greater service, if he had had the bribe of £1000 to do it. Wherefore let him be quickened to send them by the first ship that comes out of Maryland or Virginia."

NOTES ON CHAPTER X

Page 81. "Affidavits . . . go again to New York to procure these." See Janney's *Life of Penn,* Chap. XVIII. "Let Thomas Lloyd step to York and get fresh affidavits of the three men that can swear the Dutch possession of river and bay, before Baltimore's patent, in the governor's presence, and under the seal of the province."

NOTES ON CHAPTER XI

Page 88. "Her hood is of black ducape silk." See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia,* Vol. II, p. 518. "In those early days the bride, among Friends, wore a black silk hood over the head, with long ends hanging down the front of the shoulder. It was neat and graceful. She always went on foot publicly to meeting, in a kind of procession of six or eight couples."

NOTES ON CHAPTER XII

Page 90. "A letter to father from William Penn." See Janney's *Life of Penn,* Chap. XIX.

Page 93. "Jonathan Tylor." See Pemberton's *MSS.,* Vol. VI, p. 306. "John Delaval had been a captain of militia at New York, and was there convinced of the principles held by the Quakers, about the time those two eminent ministers, Thomas Musgrave and Jonathan Tylor (an eminent young minister) visited these parts.

"His name, I have reason to think is recorded in heaven, and will, I believe, be never now obliterated. . . . He was faithful and zealous for the truth, and a man of a tender broken spirit; and loved the power of truth and the operation of it which helped him through and over what was contrary to it. My soul loved him and was drawn near him the first day I saw him because of the sincerity I beheld in him, and as our familiarity

increased so I found the bent of his mind was to serve the Lord in uprightness of heart."

Page 95. "Much talk concerning the Indians." See Proud's *History,* 1685, Chap. VII.

Page 95. "Eight Indians emerge one by one." See I. Sharpless, *Political Leaders of Pennsylvania,* p. 49. "The Indians were indefatigable visitors, etc."

NOTES ON CHAPTER XIV

Page 109. "Loan of his periwigs." See Watson's *Annals,* Vol. I, *"Apparel,"* p. 190. Letter from William Penn to James Harrison: "Let Thomas Lloyd have the use of my periwigs, left with thee."

NOTES ON CHAPTER XV

Page 114. "Exhort the sailors to temperance and sobriety." See *The Hill Family,* p. ix, footnote. "It is said by Thomas Chalkley, that Governor Lloyd used sometimes in the evening, before he went to rest, to go in person to public houses, and order the people he found there to their own homes, till at length he was instrumental to promote better order; and did, in a great measure, suppress vice and immorality in the city."

NOTES ON CHAPTER XVI

Page 119. "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim." See Whittier's Poem with the above title.

Page 119. "To show us a writing . . . anent the enslaving of the blacks." For Memorial against slavery see Bowden's *History of Friends,* Vol. II, Chap. VIII.

Page 119. "Germantown." See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia,* Vol. II, *"Germantown,"* p. 19.

NOTES ON CHAPTER XVII

Page 126. "Confer with the Indians . . . and so prevent bloodshed." See Proud's *History,* Vol. I, Chap. IX, pp. 335–338, for this whole chapter.

NOTES ON CHAPTER XVIII

Page 130. "School at Lewistown." See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia,* Vol. I, *"Education,"* p. 288. "At this early period of time, so much had the little Lewistown at our Southern Cape the pre-eminence in female tuition, that Thomas Lloyd, the deputy governor, preferred to send his younger daughters from Philadelphia to that place to finish their education."

Page 131. "New England and New York are arming to resist." See Bowden's *History,* Vol. II, Chap. VI.

NOTES ON CHAPTER XIX

Page 143. "Unsavoury expressions." These expressions are quoted from the testimony of Hugh Roberts.

See also Proud's *History,* Vol. I, p. 311. "He (G. K.) called Thomas Lloyd, the Deputy Governor, who was accounted a person of a mild temper and deportment, good sense, and unblemished character, and whose unwearied endeavors to serve him are said to have merited a different treatment, 'an impudent man, and a pitiful Governor.' "

Page 143. "Two hundred leading Friends." One sentence in this document is as follows: "We find it our duty to join with our brethren in their testimony against that spirit of reviling, railing, lying, slandering, and false accusing, which hath risen and acted notoriously in G. Keith and his adherents, which hath led them into a mischievous and hurtful separation." Quoted by I. Sharpless.

Page 150. "His office of Governor." See Janney's *Life of Penn,* Chap. XXVIII.

NOTES ON CHAPTER XX

Page 154. "Ever grasping the shield of faith." Quoted from Memorial in Pemberton's *MSS.,* Vol. VI, p. 306.

Page 156. "Hannah." See *The Hill Family,* p. 39.

Page 158. "Father is ever very tender with his children." See J. Dickenson's *Testimony to Thomas Lloyd:* "He was a pattern of religion to his tender children, over whom he was tender."

Page 159. "Hasty word or unsavoury expression." Hugh Roberts' Testimony, quoted by I. Sharpless in *Political Leaders of Provincial Pennsylvania,* p. 69.

Page 162. "Looking so white and spent." Mordecai Lloyd was drowned at sea, aged twenty-five. See *The Hill Family,* p. xl.

Page 164. "I lay down my head in peace." See *The Hill Family,* p. ix. Dying words quoted from the Testimony of the Monthly Meeting.

NOTES ON CHAPTER XXI

Page 166. "John Goodson and Samuel Carpenter." See Janney's *Life of Penn,* p. 396. Letter of W. Ford to Secretary Blathwaite.

Page 167. "Sarah Clarke." This information was obtained at the Ridgway Library, Philadelphia.

Page 171. "For account of the yellow fever, and illness of Roger Gill, see the *Journal of Thomas Story,* Friends' Library, Vol. X, pp. 123–125.

Page 172. Landing of William Penn. See Janney's *Life of Penn,* Chap. XXX

Page 173. "Edward Shippen's house." See Watson's *Annals,* Vol. I, *"Shippen's House,"* p. 369. Shippen's great house, near Chestnut Street, originally on a hill, was the biggest house and had "an orchard and garden adjoining to his great house that equals any I have ever seen, being a very famous and pleasant summer house, erected in the middle of his garden, and abounding with tulips, carnations, roses, lilies, etc., with many wild plants."

Page 174. Hannah Penn. See letter from Isaac Norris, Janney's *Life of Penn,* Chap. XXXII. "His excellent wife, and she is beloved by all (I believe I may say in its fullest extent), so is her leaving us heavy and of real sorrow to her friends; she has carried, under and through all, with a wonderful evenness, humility, and freedom; her sweetness and goodness have become her character, and are indeed extraordinary. In short, we love her, and she deserves it."

Page 175–180. Richard Hill. See Bowden's *History of Friends in America,* Vol. II, *"Biog. Memoirs,"* 1700–1750. "Richard Hill was twenty-five years a member of the Council; many times Speaker of the Assembly; for years First Commissioner of property, and, during the last ten years of his life, one of the provincial judges. He was an active member of our religious Society, his services being much appreciated by his brethren. 'He had,' says the historian of Pennsylvania, 'by nature and acquisition, such a constant firmness, as furnished him with undaunted resolution to execute whatever he undertook. His sound judgment, his great esteem for the English constitution and laws, his tenderness for the liberty of the subject, and his zeal for preserving the reputable order established in his own religious community, with his great generosity to proper objects, qualified him for the greatest services, in every station in which he was engaged, and rendered him of very great and uncommon value, in the place where he lived.' He died in Philadelphia, in 1729."

See also Bowden's *History,* Vol. II, Chap. VI. In 1706 Governor Evans having induced "the Territories" to erect a fort at Newcastle, he also induced them to levy a tax for its maintenance upon vessels passing up or down the Bay. "This was held by the Pennsylvanians to be a direct violation of the charter; but, despite their strong remonstrances, the illegal exaction was still pressed. The matter being too serious to rest here, it was determined to withstand the imposition in another way. Three Friends of Philadelphia, Richard Hill, Isaac Norris, and Samuel Preston, "men" says Proud, "of the first rank and esteem," were owners of a vessel then about to sail for Barbadoes, and having acquainted Evans of their intention, they went on board and proceeded down the river. The Governor, with a view to enforce the obnoxious impost, hastened to Newcastle, and ordered a watch to be kept for the vessel. On nearing the fort she anchored, when Samuel Preston and Isaac Norris landed, and, informing the commandant of the fort that she was regularly cleared, demanded their right to pass without interruption. This was distinctly refused. Richard Hill now took the helm, and, undaunted by the cannon of the fort, proceeded to pass it. Whilst within range of the guns the firing was kept up, but, excepting a shot through the mainsail, the vessel received no injury. Unwilling to be foiled in his purpose, the commandant now pursued the vessel in an armed boat. As he came alongside, instead of opposing him with force, the crew assisted him to board, but afterwards, immediately cut the boat's rope, which caused it to fall astern. The commandant thus became the easy prisoner of Richard Hill, who proceeded on his way. Evans, who had watched the proceedings, being exasperated, commenced a pursuit in another boat as far as Salem, in New Jersey, where Richard Hill landed and presented his prisoner to Lord Cornbury, the governor of that state. Cornbury, who claimed to be Vice-admiral of the river, was incensed at his conduct, but after severely reprimanding him, and receiving a promise to act dif-

ferently for the future, he dismissed him, and never afterwards was "powder money," attempted to be exacted from vessels trading to Philadelphia."

Tradition has it that as the cannon shots on this occasion were distinctly heard in Philadelphia, Richard Hill's wife suffered so much from anxiety for his safety that her hair turned white in one night.

See footnote to page xi, of the *Hill Family.*

Page 180. "I must be there as one of your witnesses." See Janney's *Life of Penn,* Chap. XXXI. Letter from William Penn to James Logan: "My dear love to Friends in general, and particularly tell Hannah Delaval that to be one of her witnesses (at her approaching nuptials with Capt. Richd. Hill) is not the least motive to hasten me."

Page 180. On Hannah Hill's subsequent life, see *The Hill Family,* p. xxxix. "Secondly to Richard Hill . . . by whom she had five children who all died unmarried."

Of one of these children, Hannah, who died aged eleven, there are several memorial notices in *Piety Promoted,* Vol. II. One of these is by Thomas Chalkley, who says:—

"There is something on my mind to write in memory of that dear innocent soul, Hannah Hill, junior, who departed this life in the twelfth year of her age, in peace with God, and in great love and unity with his people, and in much assurance of her own eternal happiness. . . .

"This testimony I have to give concerning her, that she lived and died beloved, and the loss of her is lamented by those who knew her. One great virtue I may not omit mentioning, which would be very becoming in Christians of riper years, viz., she would often sympathize with those who were in affliction, or under exercise, of which I was a witness, which greatly affected my heart to consider, that her years were so green and her soul so ripe."

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